

PERIODICAL DEPT.

THE GRAPHIC



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August 10, 1918

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Spies and Lies

German agents are everywhere, eager to gather scraps of news about our men, our ships, our munitions. It is still possible to get such information through to Germany, where thousands of these fragments—often individually harmless—are patiently pieced together into a whole which spells death to American soldiers and danger to American homes.

But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is often very stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed to him by carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, or bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing.

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

You are in contact with the enemy *today*, just as truly as if you faced him across No Man's Land. In your hands are two powerful weapons with which to meet him—discretion and vigilance. *Use them.*

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION
8 JACKSON PLACE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

George Creel, Chairman
The Secretary of State
The Secretary of War
The Secretary of the Navy

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United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
The Publisher of This Magazine

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

PARKER—BOLIN. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Walter Parker, of South Central avenue, Glendale, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rose Duncan, to Mr. John D. Bolin, son of Mrs. Helen Bolin, of Antelope Valley. The date of the wedding has not yet been set.

LYON—OSIEL. Miss Cecile Dorothy Lyon, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Lyon, of 1042 South Alvarado street, to Mr. Joseph Osiel, of 1470 West Adams street. The marriage will take place in the near future.

SINCLAIR—RIDGLEY. Miss Margaret Sinclair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sinclair, of 1312 West Forty-first street, to Mr. Ward D. Ridgley, of Redondo Beach. Mr. Ridgley is stationed at Camp Taliaferro, San Diego. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

WOOD—KATCH. Miss Ruth Wood and Mr. James Katch, both of Los Angeles. The marriage took place a fortnight ago. Mr. and Mrs. Katch will make their home at 2324 Juliet street, Los Angeles.

ARTHUR—BRIDGE. Miss Maud Ruth Arthur, daughter of Mrs. Della Arthur, of Covina, and Mr. David A. Bridge, of Pasadena. The marriage took place in the Holy Trinity Church at Covina. Mr. Bridge has been taking a course of training in Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Fremont and is awaiting his appointment.

BARBRICK—GILLETTE. Miss Margaret I. Barbrick, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Frazer Barbrick, of 1055 South Alvarado street, and Mr. Walter R. Gillette. The marriage took place at the Monk Garden ranch near Long Beach, Monday, July 29. The Monk Garden ranch is the home of the bride's grandfather, Dr. Monk.

AUSTIN—PROSSER. Miss Alice B. Austin, of North Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, and Lieutenant Norman I. Prosser. Lieutenant Prosser and his bride will make their home at Camp Lewis, where the young officer is stationed, until he is called overseas.

SANCHEZ—HOFF. Miss Louise Sanchez, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Rowland Sanchez, of Los Nietos, and Mr. Finas H. Hoff. The Rev. James E. Lilley, of St. Mary's Catholic church, was the officiant. After September 1, Mr. and Mrs. Hoff will be at home at 1635 Meridian street, Los Angeles.

HINE—FARR. Miss Florence Hine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hine, of Los Angeles, and Dr. J. F. Farr, of Pasadena. Dr. and Mrs. Farr will make their home in Pasadena, until the Dr., who holds a commission in the Dental Reserves, is called into active service.

BUCKLER—PERNOTTE. Miss Marguerite Buckler, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Adolph Joseph Pernotte, of Peking and Paris. The marriage took place at Seattle, Wednesday, July 31. Mr. Pernotte and his bride left immediately after the ceremony for New York,

where they will make their home at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel temporarily.

WITHERELL—BROWNELL. Miss Grace Witherell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Joel Witherell, of 1037 Heliotrope Drive, Los Angeles, and Mr. Giles Carlis Brownell. Mr. and Mrs. Brownell will make their home at Calipatria.

KLEINFELTER—HARTIGAN. Miss Gretchen Lenore Kleinfelter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Kleinfelter, of Berkeley, and Lieutenant Leonard Wheeler Hartigan, son of Mrs. Thomas L. Hartigan, of 4947 Marathon avenue, Los Angeles. Lieutenant Hartigan is the son of Brig.-Gen. Hartigan, of the Philippine Expeditionary Forces, and arrived from Manila only shortly before his marriage.

CONEY—JOHNSON. Mrs. Altha Blanche Coney, of Venice, and Mr. Irvine York Johnson. The bride is the daughter of Dr. Charles Maynard, of Roseburg, Oregon. Mr. Johnson is well known in Los Angeles as well as in San Francisco.

BARTON—DEAN. Mr. and Mrs. George P. Barton, of Altadena, have formally announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Thyra M. Barton, to Mr. Sherman Wilkie Dean, a Colorado man. The marriage took place in Paris, June 26, at the residence of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Welles. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dean are doing war work in France.

SCHORR—MORLAN. Miss Katherine Naylor Schorr and Mr. Malcolm F. Morlan, both of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmett Brier, of San Diego. The couple will make their home in Los Angeles.

HAMILTON—CALDWELL. Miss Lorraine Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Herring, of Whittier, and Mr. Russell Caldwell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Caldwell, also of Whittier.

BROMLEY—JACKSON. Miss Rene Bromley, of Del Monte, and Dr. Leland Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Jackson, of Santa Monica. Dr. Jackson holds a commission as lieutenant in U. S. Dental Reserve Corps.

GILBO—MORGAN. Miss Josephine Gilbo, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, and Ex-Judge Charles O. Morgan, of Los Angeles. Judge and Mrs. Morgan will make their home at 5545 Virginia avenue.

DON—GILROY. Miss Thelma May Don, daughter of Mrs. Robert Don, of San Francisco, and Mr. William Gilroy, son of Mrs. Anna T. Gilroy, of Santa Monica. Mr. Gilroy is a young attorney of San Mateo.

BIRTHS

RILEY. Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Riley, of 446 South Oxford boulevard, are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, who has been given the name of Lillian Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Riley are the proud parents of a young son, Sheldon Powell Riley, who celebrated his third birthday, August 1.

MACFARLAND. Mr. and Mrs. John MacFarland are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a small daughter. Mrs. MacFarland was Miss Eleanor Banning before her marriage.

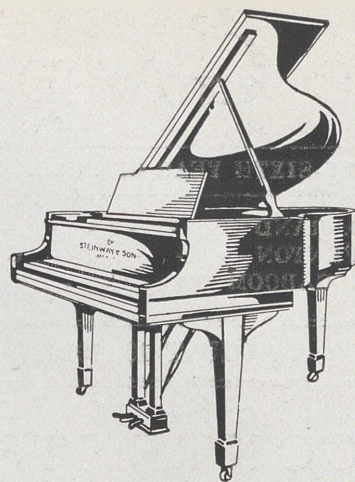
COFFIN. Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Coffin, of 237 South Serrano street, are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a small son. Mrs. Coffin was Miss Blanche Nast, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Nast, before her marriage.

O'MELVENY. To Mr. and Mrs. Donald O'Melveny, a daughter. Mrs. O'Melveny was Miss Phila Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, of Pasadena, before her marriage. Mr. O'Melveny is in France.

CADWALADER. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Cadwalader, of 111 South Vendome street, are receiving congratulations from their friends upon the arrival of a small son. Mrs. Cadwalader

(Continued from Page 23)

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The Graphic

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ALFRED L. FENTON - - - - - General Manager
WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor

Vol. 53

AUGUST 10, 1918

No. 2

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Publishers' Announcement

Copyright 1918, by E. D. Rand

THE GRAPHIC is published on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month at 424 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, one year \$4.00; six months \$2.25; three months \$1.25; single copies 15 cents. Sample copies free on application. Postage addressed to Canada or Mexico \$1.00 per year additional and to all other countries \$2.00 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is requested both the new and old address should be given. Two weeks' notice is requested either for changing an address or starting a new subscription.

Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic Telephones; 10965: Broadway 6486.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



MRS. THOMAS B. KENNEDY, JR.

WHO HAS RETURNED TO HER HOME IN ROANOKE, VA., AFTER A VISIT HERE WITH HER PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. J. R. LEONARD, 666 WEST-MORELAND PLACE. THE MARRIAGE OF MISS LEONARD TO LIEUTENANT KENNEDY WAS A BRILLIANT SOCIAL EVENT IN LOS ANGELES THREE YEARS AGO. DURING MRS. KENNEDY'S SOJOURN HERE SHE WAS THE RECIPIENT OF MANY DELIGHTFUL AFFAIRS GIVEN BY HER HOST OF LOS ANGELES FRIENDS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

MR. C. F. MASON, Commercial Superintendent of the Southern California Telephone Company, says the following telegram received from Theodore N. Vail, President of the Bell System, containing instructions regarding the operation of the telephone system under Government control is explanatory of the situation now existing here. It is addressed to employees of the Bell Telephone Company: "Under authority of the law and by proclamation of the President, possession and control of the wire systems passed to the Postmaster General August 1st. In a conference held in Washington at which were present the Postmaster General, the Government operating Committee and representatives of the Bell Companies, the Postmaster General expressed most emphatically his appreciation of the service which the Bell Companies were rendering and said that such improvement possible to be made would be because of the additional power derived from the Government. He asked for the co-operation and assistance of those who had heretofore been responsible for the service. The Postmaster General was equally emphatic in the statement of his desire to conserve the service and properties of the companies with a view of returning them when called upon so to do to the owners in as good condition as received. It was his earnest desire that the owners should receive just compensation in the full sense for their use. The Postmaster General until other instructions are issued desires that the conduct of operations shall continue as heretofore and also states that no changes will be made until after consultation and full and careful consideration to all who are identified with the Bell Companies who have shown a fine sense of obligation and loyalty and fidelity to the Country, to the Public Service and to the property in the past, and to whom the credit is due for the prestige and position of the companies in the public eye. It is not too much to ask you that same loyalty, fidelity and devotion to the service under the new order of things. On your behalf much loyalty, fidelity and devotion to service have been promised. I know full well the spirit in which you will meet and respond to the request. To do one's full duty in each position is the greatest obligation resting upon every person and is also the greatest opening to future preferment.

WHEN MME. PHILLIPE BERARD inaugurated the movement which resulted in thousands of American women adopting soldier Godsons for the period of the war, a new ray of sympathy and helpfulness sprang out from the sun of Mercy which has shone undimmed throughout the war gloom. French soldiers who were separated from their families through the German invasion and to whom the mails brought no word of love or cheer, were drooping in spirit. With a woman's intuition Mme. Berard divined their needs, and founded what was known as "Mon Soldat" (My Soldier). So successful was that movement, so wonderful and beneficial the effect on the disheartened troops, that pages of newspaper space have been devoted to the subject. It is now pointed out by a western Red Cross worker that such a movement is necessary among American women to look after our own boys at the front. Those who are in camps in this country are splendidly looked after by all branches of workers; they are entertained and made to feel that the community is at their service—as it really is. But when the boys arrive overseas, and the letters begin to pour in from admiring friends and loving relatives—how about those boys who are without family or kin or the kind of friends who will write them a word of cheer or encouragement? They might be compared with the poor waifs who see Christmas presents and Santa Claus only through the neighbors' window. Mme. Berard tells of strong, brave

officers confessing to her that they have gone to their tents and actually wept when the mails brought them no letters. "When the womanhood of the world makes us feel we are more than merely a part of a fighting machine," one soldier said, "then there seems to be more to fight for. I have seen a letter passed around and read until it was practically worn out—just because it was penned by some woman who cared about us and who encouraged and blessed us. There is some woman in every community to take up a movement like this. "If a group of ten, fifteen or twenty women can be prevailed upon to give a little time each week to write regularly to one or more friendless boys at the front," suggests the Red Cross worker who has acted as Godmother to several appreciative French soldiers since the war began, "and the movement given the right kind of publicity, it would be but a short time before this class of American soldiers would be buoyed up by the friendly hand extended in this manner. Names and description of boys without family or kin could possibly be obtained at National Red Cross Headquarters in Washington."

THE SUPREME FACTOR in American business today is the government. Through its power to regulate the distribution of fuel and materials it controls practically all the industrial activity of the country. Through its military and industrial powers it affects all labor. By price-fixing it controls mining and important agricultural operations. By licensing and priorities it controls traffic on both land and sea. It operates railways, shipyards, munition plants. It owns navy yards, armories, gun factories, powder plants, a security-issuing corporation. An unprecedented degree of the power of industry has, because of a people's passion for victory, been willingly given up to those in authority over us. Yet business lives. The government desires it to live. The government calls upon it to preserve, to strengthen its own organizations. The government urges it, not only to make its voice heard now, but to take serious counsel regarding the future.

A WELCOME INNOVATION in the character of awards distributed at art exhibitions has been introduced by Director Laurvik of the Palace of Fine Arts in the prizes given at the last Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. Instead of the usual cart wheel medal, which most artists are glad to receive but few are ever willing to show, because of their blatant ugliness, Mr. Laurvik had the happy idea of substituting for the conventional medal a piece of bronze, which in itself is a work of art, and therefore, a much more fitting tribute to the merits of the recipient. For this purpose one of Arthur Putnam's animal figures was chosen. The plaque presents a small puma in full relief recumbent upon a circular base of a size suitable for a paper weight, with the recipient's name and the usual designation of first, second, or third prize inscribed on the base. The modelling and characterization of this little figure is imbued with Putnam's well known power and delicacy, which gives to all his animals an expressive realism. The idea of making the award in itself a work of art has aroused enthusiastic response among the artists, and no doubt this beautiful little work of art will be valued and cherished by every recipient long beyond any mere medal. These awards have just been distributed among the following artists: Joseph Raphael, who received a gold medal for painting Armin C. Hansen, who received a silver medal for painting and a silver medal for graphic; Anne M. Bremer, who received a bronze medal for painting; Godfrey Fletcher, who received a silver medal for water color; and Ralph Stackpole, who received a gold medal for sculpture.

BY THE WAY

AND now it is another Los Angeles girl who has gone to New York and made a real hit on the stage without our knowing, even, that she was ever in our midst. Picking up a copy of the New York Tribune of June 7, and turning to the "Drama" column, to read a criticism of Raymond Hitchcock's latest show, I came across a paragraph that read thusly:

"The performer who made the strongest appeal last night had to rise out of a welter of dullness in her particular scene. There was ever so much dreary posturing in the Arabian night scene until Florence O'Denishawn came on and danced with splendid grace and spirit. The number was a very colon in its effect on the progress of the show."

Now, in reading that paragraph I paused just long enough to make the mental observation to myself that some young lady with a camouflage name was evidently going to be very happy over that paragraph. But later young Mr. Andrews, who graces the counter at the Alexandria hotel in this very city of Los Angeles, called my attention to the fact that Florence O'Denishawn is not any such thing; she is none other than Florence Andrews, and she is one of us. That opened my ears.

Yes, the young lady originated as a dancer right here in our midst, he said. She learned to dance at Denishawn, and attracted considerable attention from Ruth St. Denis, but from none else around here. Miss St. Denis recognized in her an exceptional dancer, and found her an opportunity in Chicago, when an engagement offered, which she, herself, could not fill. She sent Miss Florence Andrews to fill it, and let her use the name "Florence O'Denishawn." Miss Andrews made good in Chicago, and at the close of that engagement was taken to Cleveland to fill another engagement. There she and her art fell under the gaze of Raymond Hitchcock. That started something else. Hitchcock made her an offer to join his company later, and Miss Andrews accepted the offer. The paragraph in the New York Tribune is one of the results.

"AMERICA'S Youngest Editor," has gone wrong! He has been tempted, and he has fallen. It is sad, but it is true. He couldn't stand it to have a contract for one of those \$10,000 a year positions stuck in his face, and like Niagara Falls, he just went to work and fell; that's what he did. Poor, starved, shunned-by-everybody editor, he doubtless wanted to keep up the struggle, but when Thomas J. Coleman, manager of the St. Francis Hotel, in San Francisco, tempted him he just pulled his belt up another notch, gulped twice, and accepted the position of Assistant Manager of the St. Francis, at a salary of ten thousand, or some such thing, a year. That's what William W. C. Griffin, "America's Youngest Editor," did. Poor, poor lad! How sad it all is, isn't it? At the tender age of 11, William W. C. Griffin, poor in everything except sur-names, perhaps, founded "The Young American Golfer," in Chicago, and edited it for five years, living on pretzels, and wearing pants that came down only to his knees. But with dogged persistency he kept at it, growing steadily older with the passing of the years, until now—well, he's Assistant Manager of the St. Francis Hotel now.

John B. Elliott, our genial and handsome Collector of Customs for the

Southern District of California, is again in our midst, after a visit to our National Capital, Washington, D. C. When John departed for Washington everybody in town said that he was going to Washington to accept some place high up in the government service, and everybody was glad that he had been called to Washington by the big officials of the government. But he came back and pulled off his coat and went right to work at his customary business in the Customs office in the Federal building, and d'dn't say anything to anybody about the big job, nor anything. The fact

is that John has been doing some big work for the government all the while, since the United States got into the war, but nobody knew anything about it. The war has caused a great change in the work that the Collector of Customs has to do, and if the truth were known to the public as it is to the big officials of the government in Washington, it is probable that the public would know that there could hardly be any more important work, at this particular time, for John to do than that which he is so ably doing. He may be called to Washington, at that, but if he is it will be hard to find anyone to exactly take his place here.

THERE is this about it, when you are talking about the candidacy of Judge Walter Bordwell for the Republican nomination for Governor of California: here is a man who has now, and will always have, the greatest respect and the heartiest good will of everybody, whether they are for him or not. The very worst thing I have ever heard anybody say about him, since he announced his candidacy, was that they didn't believe he could get the nomination, because he isn't very well known in parts of the state where he is not well known. Well, when you come to think of it, he may not be. Of, course, though, where he is known, he is well known. Politically considered, it is a harsh thing to say about a candidate that he is not very well known. It is no reflection on his character; it is simply a way of saying that he hasn't got a chance. But Judge Bordwell, whether he has a chance for the nomination or not, has the satisfaction of knowing that a very large percentage of the voters would like to see him Governor, provided he did have a chance. They have already said so.

IN preparation for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, expected to be waged from September 28 to October 19, the organization in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District has been completed. Governor James K. Lynch, of this federal dis-

trict, has announced the list of state chairmen who have formally accepted their appointments. Henry S. McKee, of Los Angeles, is the Southern California selection. A good man and true. No official announcement of the amount of the Fourth loan has been made, but when the announcement comes it will be seen, at once, that the amount is not so small as to disappoint anybody.

EVERY American man and woman in the world—no matter how remote the part of the globe—China or Chile, Guatemala or Guam, Arabia or the Argentine, Egypt or Mexico, now has opportunity to actively engage in Red Cross work through the Territorial, Insular and Foreign Division of the National organization. And true to the American spirit, the opportunity has been eagerly embraced.



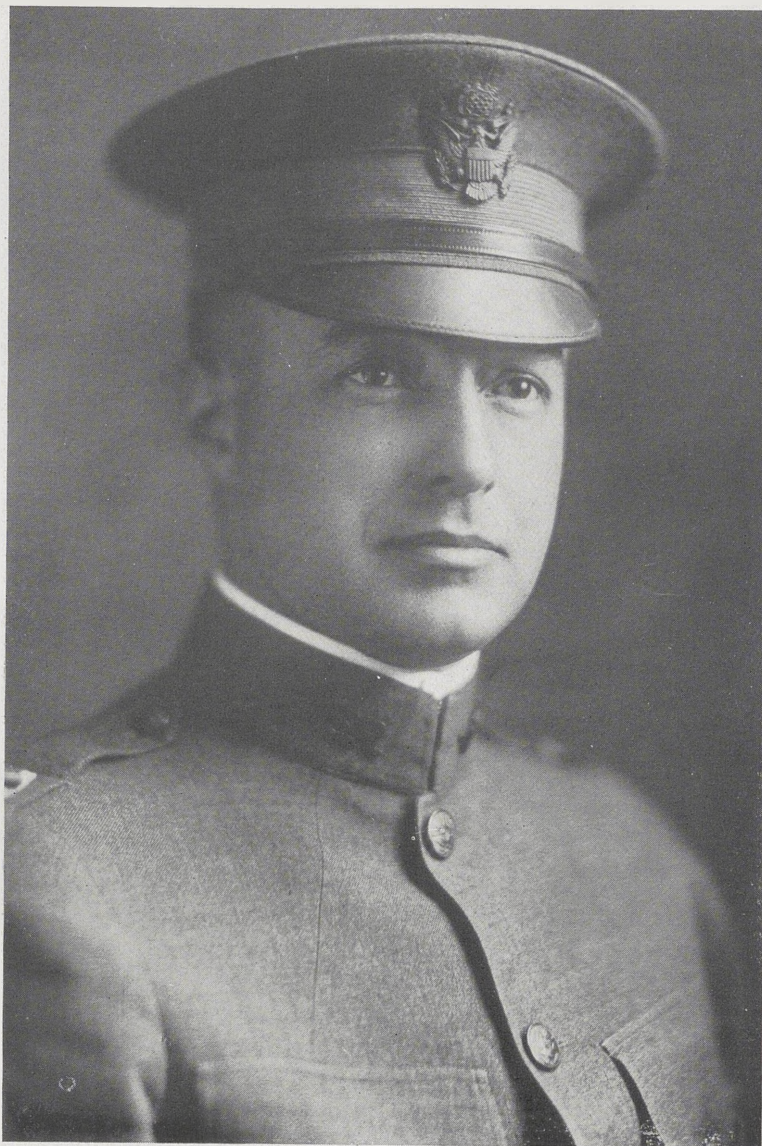
MISS FLORENCE ANDREWS

A BUSINESS MAN TURNED SOLDIER

MAJOR Warren B. Bovard is the only son of President and Mrs. George F. Bovard, of the University of Southern California. For more than ten years before he donned a uniform he had been closely associated with the business affairs of the University. Most of this time he was Graduate Manager of Athletics and close adviser of the administration. He was a member of several of the clubs of this city, and well known in the best social circles. When war was declared against Germany he was thirty-one years of age, hence ineligible for the draft.

He volunteered his services to the Government, and made application for a Captain's commission in the Signal Service, the non-flying Reserve Corps. He successfully passed the required examinations and received his commission as a captain—dated August 16th, 1917.

On September 23rd he was ordered to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. His business ability was



MAJOR WARREN B. BOVARD

soon manifest and he was put in charge of very responsible work, and later made a member of the Commanding Officer's Staff. He became very popular with the officers and the men. He remained at Kelly Field until December 14th, when he was ordered to report to the Chief Signal Service Officer, in Washington, D. C. He remained in the Signal Service office until February last when he was promoted to a place with the General Staff of the Army and has his desk in the Chief of the General Staff's office.

On July 5th he was transferred from the Reserve Corps to the National Army and promoted in rank and given a Major's commission. The Fourth of July being his birthday, this latest promotion may be accepted as a birthday gift.

Major Bovard was born in Los Angeles, and has spent practically all of his life in this city. His numerous friends here will be pleased to learn of his promotion.

DEMOCRACY

By Orra Eugene Monnette

I.

Men were born to be free; as equals, live;
And each to serve his God in his own way;
Not to obey masters, whose will to give
Commands to their slaves, that they go or stay,
Is laid in might, and not in positive
Right—with no consent to their fearful sway.

II.

Hence, war and the sacrifice; blood must be shed,
And the rivers of France run, dark and red,
From the wounds of the dead and the dying.
As the price of grief, the sad out-crying
Of anguish and the tearing of heart strings,
A badge of honor Democracy brings.

III.

American heroes are sure to win,
Because a proud heritage makes them brave.
Noble ancestry and service are akin,
With the privilege, high and grand, to save
The world from royal, tyrannical sin,
No longer to be menaced by a knave.

IV.

Soldiers of Men!! At home, abroad, be bold
In courage to withstand or strike the foe
That his rule shall forever lose its hold.
For, with tyrants gone, men may come and go,
Fearless upon the broad earth, free of strife,
Each in peaceful aims to live his own life.

REVIVAL OF THE FINE ART OF FENCING

WHIZ! Click! Clang! Harken to the ringing music of slender blades of steel, blades driven by dainty feminine hands at opponents' hearts and parried by equally dexterous ones. The chivalric sounds come from the Los Angeles Athletic Club and betoken a revival of the fine athletic art of fencing. Martial in spirit, it was becoming a lost art in this land of peace when the war came on and gave it stimulus. Now its future seems assured. And girls are playing a leading part in restoring

In behalf of fencing for women, Prof. Rochard makes the claim that it will develop the figure along the most harmonious and graceful lines, strengthen the limbs and give elasticity to their movements, bring about perfect poise, ease of bearing and lightness of step, brighten the eyes, clear the complexion and promote sound judgment. In no other athletic pastime is the interest so absorbing and in no other are the expenditure of muscular exertion and mental work so nicely proportioned. Every muscle of import-



MASTER AND GIRLS OF THE FOILS, IN ACTION AT THE LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB

the skillful sport. Those who take it up will be the better for it; so will the community and the country.

Fencing, one of the most perfect forms of exercise, is taught at the Athletic Club by Prof. Pierre Rochard, a French master of broad experience who comes from the famous military school of Joinville, near Paris. He has been an instructor more than a score of years, in New York, in Denver, in the University of Utah, and finally here. In the Middle West he won and held the Rocky Mountain championship with the foils. His separate L. A. A. C. classes include adult members, juniors and ladies, and the latter are apparently showing special interest. Some of them are even taking up the broadsword.

ance is brought into action without overstrain. It puts a quietus on "nerves." Habits of unflinching courtesy are inculcated by it.

The professor's demonstrator for the ladies is Mrs. Frances Stein, who fences a great deal and is also proficient with the broadsword. She is active in gymnasium work at Normal Hill Center and devotes considerable time to esthetic dancing. She was long a Y. W. C. A. pupil. Fencing is gaining in popularity at Normal Hill and at various municipal playgrounds. The world crusade for freedom has given it impetus everywhere, and throughout America its progress has been perceptible ever since the United States unfurled the Banner of Liberty around the globe and sent the Sammies forth to make it safe forever.

MANIFEST DESTINY

By WM. L. JUDSON



A Southern California Landscape

IT is the custom of artists in all times and places to abuse local conditions, believing, or claiming to believe that the public is more appreciative in some other more favored locality. "Go east" we say here. "Go east, to Chicago where there is wealth." In Chicago the perennial cry is "Nothing doing here. Go east. Boston, Philadelphia, New York where there is both wealth and culture." Truly New York has wealth and culture and many other desirable things but even there the rainbow's foot is farther east. Painters and sculptors still sing the familiar song "Go to Europe to sell art. Paris is the world's market."

"Distant pastures ever seem the greenest" the world around. All Europe is fully convinced that the only country where art ever receives its just reward is America and while the dealers of Europe affect to smile at our barbaric lack of taste, they see to it that America is well supplied with the kind of art which Americans are willing to pay big prices for.

The truth is that art appreciation in the sense of buying and selling is a thing of most erratic humor and as unreliable as the fashion in top hats. In the sixties Cincinnati had a great art boom. Pork packers were making new fortunes and spending them liberally. Philadelphia had its boom in the seventies and Chicago in the nineties, each having received a great impulse from its international fair and each having accumulated more artists than it could permanently support.

In truth there is always a fair market for art where money is being made rapidly. Conservative wealth is not a good customer as a rule, although here and there the right man gets the money and he enjoys himself to the limit in making collections, wisely or unwisely as the case may be but usually to the interest and benefit of the artists concerned. Not always to be sure, for instance that Vanderbilt who is said to have proudly boasted while showing off his princely collection of paintings, "And there isn't a canvas in the lot that isn't worth twice what I paid for it."

Picture buying is a habit to which a community may be addicted as well as an individual. It is a good habit whether one buys as an investment, for ostentation, or best of all for the pure love and enjoyment of beautiful things. Picture buying is a habit which may be encouraged and developed by the artists themselves in any community, and fortunate is that community where its artists are wise enough to discover the way to this sympathetic co-operation in adding to the interest and value of social and private life.

Every child born in Europe, even in the meanest hamlet, has an infinite advantage over the average American child in being constantly surrounded by picturesque and beautiful things. Love of beauty is born with him. Esthetic consciousness awakes early and beautifies all his life. Countless centuries of artistic activity have gradually transformed even the appearance of nature itself, so that every habitable rood of terrain carries some impress of the life and culture which have animated the limitless throng who have lived and wrought and passed on. Even war, oft repeated, has not been able to efface entirely the evidence of that love of beauty which largely directs the thinking and the doing of man in all countries and all ages.

America is yet too young to have received this tradition of beauty. California is of the youngest. Three generations at most of civilized occupancy, and these for the most part generations of strenuous toil with scant leisure or opportunity for the culture of the finer amenities of life. The few but exceedingly precious monuments we have in the Franciscan mission buildings, the reflex of an echo of the renaissance of old Spain, are to us as the aroma of a picturesque and romantic past, an age already almost mythical in its strangeness, in its contrast to our modern life, an age which some day our painters and poets and romancers will find a veritable treasure house of artistic material, the pastoral age of California.

Full of religious zeal as the mission fathers were, and familiar with a certain architectural style; dominated in their building with certain tradition of romantic beauty, could they—could these men, arriving in a home-

less country, with the urgent need of immediate shelter for themselves and for the great work they were to do, without stone or timber or lime except as they lay or grew in the mountains miles away, could they have conceived under like conditions such monuments as Capistrano and San Luis Rey. Without the inspiration of this land of peace and afternoon where it is a joy simply to be alive, even the mission fathers with their beauty loving southern temperament would have built boxes to live in and to worship in just as their northern brothers have been doing for a hundred and fifty years all over North America.

The spirit of beauty is in the air of this Southwest. It is influencing our music, our architecture, our painters especially. There is incubating here a distinctly new note in art. A note of gracious loveliness which is destined most likely to become characteristic, to develop into a school. We shall see. Meantime there is developing in our relation to the rising generation a privilege and an obligation. Much has already been done in the way of fostering a better culture, that the men and women of tomorrow may be awake to their opportunities for the enjoyment of their God-given senses, that they may not go through life purblind and deaf as the vast majority of adult Americans are doing.

It was a fortunate day for youth, from many angles, when drawing was introduced into our public schools. It will be a day of jubilee when our educators discover the relation of art to life and when *art appreciation* can be efficiently taught to every child from the kindergarten to the university, not that they may learn more but that they may enjoy more. Drawing as a means of expression is needful for every one in every day life as a utility in making for efficiency. Drawing is not art, far from it, only a preparation for art. The artistic impulse is quite another thing, a rare and precious thing. Whether it takes the form of music or painting or sculpture, it should be recognized at its earliest manifestation and developed to the limit. It is a gift of the Gods making for the world's enjoyment and betterment, and, looked at in the more sordid aspect, a gift which means capital, adding distinctly to the material value of the man and the community. In most European countries the encouragement of art is a national function. Art in its every form is promoted not only for the glory of the state but also for the material and esthetic well being of the people.

It seems to be not generally known that a society of public spirited Americans maintains a splendid Academy of the Fine Arts in Italy. An annual prix de Rome is offered in competition for painters, sculptors and architects entitling the winners to three years tuition in the eternal city, and one year of travel with a pension liberal enough to cover all expenses. This is all very fine, but we have no logical co-operation as in Europe towards the same end on the part of our states and cities. There is now and here an imperative need for a public recognition of these conditions, for a logical co-relation of art studies in public schools, for better trained art teachers and more of them; and above all for a great art college through which California may assert itself as the inevitable centre of that potent and far-reaching art movement which is to be.

The war, please God, will soon be over, and with peace and prosperity will come the realization of many ideals of the past. The throbbing impulses for a finer plane of living which becomes more manifest with each recurring year will inevitably demand more and more a fulfilment. It is manifest destiny that somewhere in California a great educational Temple of Art will be reared on a scale and plane which will command national and perhaps international attention.

Whether this great work will be done by the state, the city, the university or by private enterprise, remains yet to be discovered. There are among us men of vision, of foresight, of business sagacity and public spirit who with the will and the means might thus honor their city and generation and build for themselves an enduring monument of praise.

The Art Institute of Chicago is an inspiring example. Nothing in the history of that city has done more for its fame or ponderated so much as a counterpoise and antidote for the sordid materialism of a money-grabbing age. No names on the roster of the city's benefactors are more honored than those of Hutchinson, Ryerson, Logan and others of the founders and patrons of the Institute. The Art Institute had its very modest beginnings in the early eighties, when it was domiciled in the old Academy of Music and when Chicago was no larger than Los Angeles is at the present time. Its progress and its popularity have been amazing. Today its enrolment includes over two thousand students and its annual income is close to a million dollars.

This Southland has and will have all the advantages that Chicago ever had, and many more which are incomparable on this side of the water, and which are inherent in the soil. While the thunder of big guns is in the air, and the nerve-shaking spectre of a barbarian invasion is menacing we can do little for art but dream and plan, but it is as necessary to plan for peace as for war. An environment of artistic inspiration is our blessed heritage. The obligation to make use of our privilege is binding if we are to deserve the respect of those who are to follow us. Now is the time to plan.

When peace returns, the Great Temple of Art will become an urgent and imperative need. May we all live to see it.

MAKING A NATION OF ATHLETES



A BOXING DRILL IN CAMP

WHAT is it going to mean, this athletic training of millions of American young men, now in Uncle Sam's army and navy? A nation of trained athletes; that's what it looks like. And what the result of it all will be would be difficult to say.

I have just been reading a book entitled "Keeping Our Fighters Fit." It was written by Mr. Edward Frank Allen. This same Edward Frank Allen was in Los Angeles not long ago, and talked to the members of the Los Angeles Athletic club on this very subject. The book was written under the supervision of Mr. Raymond B. Fossdick, Chairman of the War and Navy Departments Commissions on Training Camp Activities.

I heard what Mr. Allen had to say to the members of the Athletic Club, and I can readily imagine that his talk about the athletic activities among the soldier boys at the various training camps was very interesting to these men, who are interested in all athletic activities, of course. But I wondered at the time if they got the other thought—the thought I got. I wondered if they started speculating on what it will mean to this nation—as a nation, I mean—to have several millions of men—we don't know how many yet—turned into highly trained athletes in three years time, at the most?

Just let that idea percolate slowly into your mind. Turn it over a couple of times, and roll it around a little. You know, if you stop to consider it, that the percentage of



PUSH BALL IS POPULAR WITH THE FIGHTING MEN



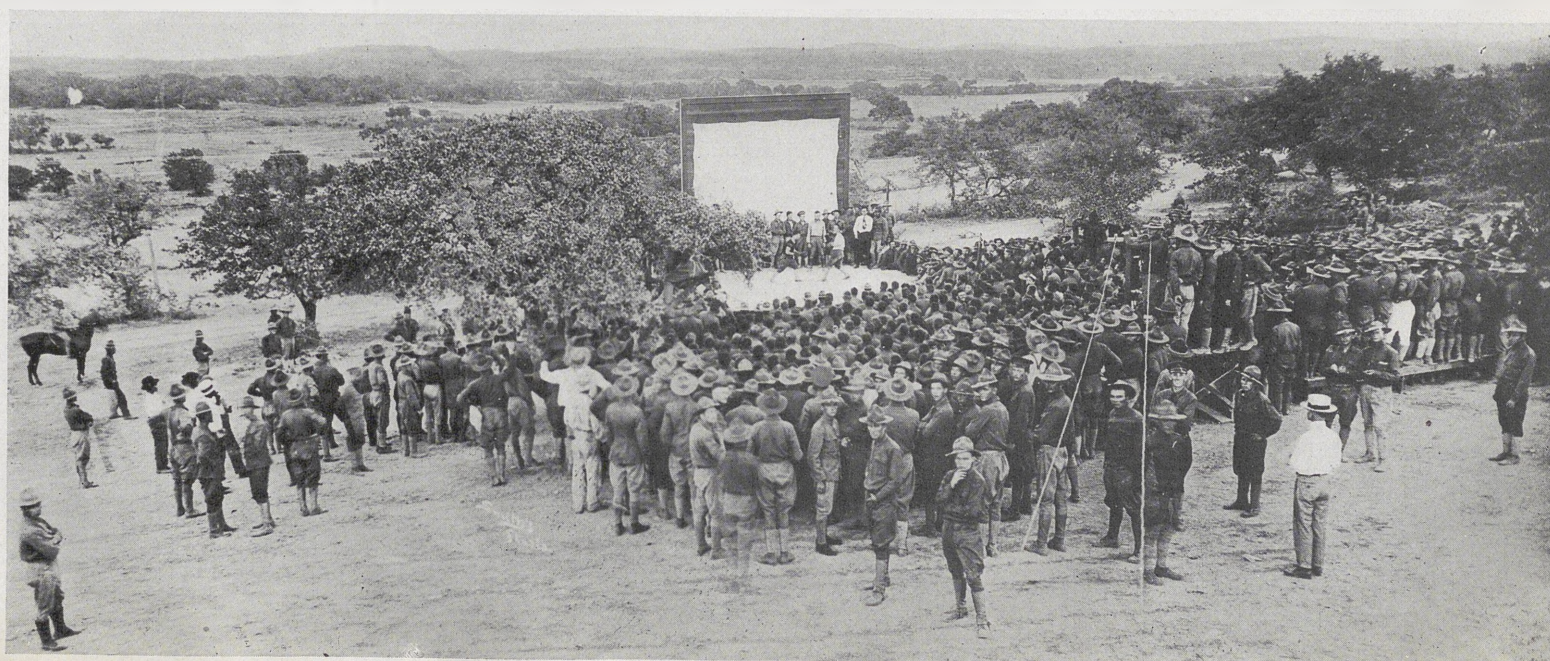
THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS IN A CROSS COUNTRY RUN

men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, of between the ages of nineteen and forty, as we will have to figure it now, probably, who would have had athletic training if they had not gone into the army or the navy, would have been a very slight one, as against the total number of men who have enlisted or been drafted by the United States for service in the army and navy. Probably it would have been below one per cent. As it is, one hundred per cent of these men—the very flower of the manhood of this nation—are getting athletic training. Now, with that thought in mind, just try to imagine what it is going to mean to this nation!

Mr. Allen, in his book and in his talk, confined himself, of course, to the effect all of this athletic training of the soldier and sailor boys of Uncle Sam is going to have on the war, and he made out a great case for the training camp activities, especially the athletics. But I could not help thinking, all the time he was speaking, and afterwards, when I was reading his book, of what the effect is going to be on the nation, after the war is over.

Why, now that I have had a little time to think it out, I do really believe that it is going to change, in a most wonderful way, the character of the whole people of this nation!

You know what the colleges were doing with a few thousands of the boys of the country every year, before the war was begun? Well the Army and Navy will do the same to millions of boys.



BOXING BOUTS ARE ENCOURAGED

A WOMAN'S VIEWS ON REAL ESTATE

By KATE A. HALL



Third and Broadway in 1896

IT IS a fact of common knowledge that real estate is the first commodity to feel the effect of a stringent money market and the last to respond when better conditions are ushered in. The reason for this is obvious. High interest rates are a concomitant of an era of what is commonly called hard times, loans are thus made more attractive to the lender than to the borrower and there is the added natural tendency to scurry to cover when overtaken by fear.

The lowering of current rates of interest, joined to the effect of improved conditions in the east and the stimulating presence of an unprecedented number of visitors from many states last winter and the promise of many more during the coming season have unmistakably made their rather tardy influence felt in the local field of real estate investment. Any very general and wide realization of an upward tendency in land values has, as yet, not been pronouncedly felt but owners of desirable, close-in locations are again, of late, finding themselves on their old footing among those who harter and sell, and the complete, public awakening is probably not far off. As real estate dealers have been wont to affirm so often, it will probably come in a night when it does arrive.

Several years ago, or just before the local real estate market entered upon the recent period of long and settled depression, a woman refused an offer of fifty thousand dollars for a small piece of business property very close to the heart of town. It was paying a good rate of interest on the sum offered and she felt that it would reach a considerably higher value within a short time. But the agent who was endeavoring to make the sale quite naturally attempted to dampen the enthusiasm of the owner. He reiterated his usual arguments rather persistently until, in sheer weariness probably, he exclaimed, with an air of finality, "This city has seen its greatest growth during the last ten years. Never again will any great amount of money be made in real estate here. The day of wonderful opportunities has passed."

Momentarily depressed in spirits by so emphatic and pessimistic a judgment the woman's young daughter looked up after the visitor's departure to enquire wistfully, "Mother, do you believe that? Do you really think that this town has seen its best days and that opportunities for profit will not come again?" Quick as a flash and bright as a flame came the answer, "Just watch the next ten years!"

"The next ten years" are yet far from being completed. The end of the decade will, beyond a doubt, come during an era of as great progress as any we have yet passed through. "Whoever dreamed of a world war and a democratic administration coming together?" demands the staunch old republican partisan, but even in the midst of these things which he pictures as twin calamities the population of Southern California has gone on increasing at a marvelous rate. We now rank as tenth city and our numbers are set down as well over the half million mark. The most heartening sign of the times is the presence in the field again of the same experienced operators whose names were upon every lip but a few years ago. Not for nothing are they in the harness again.

The conspicuously attractive features of real property as an investment are to be found in the stability of the commodity and the opportunities which it offers for an increase of capital. Its stability, in fact, makes it the very basis, as being the security, of numerous other forms of investment, such as mortgages, street liens and many classes of bonds. Savings banks are anchored to land values and state and municipal treasuries are

replenished in large part through them. The slightest rumor will unsettle the stock market and send shares scuttling to the bottom quite as fast, or even faster, than a contrary rumor sent them up a few hours before.

But it is not so with ground values, especially when the ground is located in the business district or its immediate neighborhood. Wheat goes skyrocketing downward when the war cloud in the Balkans lifts and what a slump there is in steel when it really hits bottom! The market for petroleum could be completely demoralized by a heavy stockholder throwing a large block of shares into the pit but the tenant selling dry goods, shoes or groceries goes on selling them just the same whether princes quarrel or remain at peace, and he pays his rent for the privilege.

A man unaccustomed to handling money came suddenly into a good-sized inheritance. For many years he had cherished the notion that railroad bonds were the ideal form of investment. Whereupon, immediately after he had come into actual possession of his money, he hastened to the bond market and great was his chagrin to discover that, attendant upon a period of unsettled business and continued liquidation, combined with disturbances caused by government investigation and kindred irritants, more than one road was in the hands of a receiver and others were not paying dividends and gave no promise of doing so for some time to come.

Like mortgages and all other forms of securities, bonds do not double the investment of the holders at any appreciable rate. At a normal rate of six per cent it takes eleven years for money at interest to double and it is easily seen that, allowing time for the reinvestment of money coming in from maturing securities and considering the fact that dividends are sometimes passed, securities will seldom pay a net six per cent for a period of eleven years.

It is the business district of a thriving city that is its pocket of gold and the business district of any large municipality occupies an area roughly described as a square. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis,—they are all alike in this respect, throwing to the winds the fears of the few, provincially educated persons who saw in the improvement of West Seventh street a sure indication that all other parts of the town were soon to be abandoned. How any single lane a few blocks long can handle the business of a city numbering close to six hundred thousand inhabitants, to say nothing of its suburbs, is a problem impossible of solution. The market square must expand and in the process it makes its pioneer progress along the recognized arteries leading from its established base and more slowly, but quite as surely, filling in the spaces between and the adjacent areas. How rapidly the advances of the future will be made can only be guessed at but there is no reason why they should not be made as rapidly or more rapidly than those of the past, and residents locating here no more than a quarter of a century ago can cite changes that would scarcely be credited if they were not so well substantiated. Men who a score of years ago, went to school where Mercantile Place is now located are today carrying on their businesses in the towering office blocks that surround it. A little earlier orange trees wafted their fragrance from the corner now covered by the Alexandria hotel and the postoffice had a temporary "far-out" location in the abandoned power-house at the southwest corner of Seventh and Grand avenue not more than a dozen years ago.

A man who, about thirty years ago, began his residence in Los Angeles with no money, indifferent health and some incumbrances, and who now pays a generous income tax as the result of judicious investments in real estate, was riding through a section which he had not visited for many months. He was surprised at the improvements which he saw on all sides, the handsome homes and apartments that covered the land that was vacant and ringing to the echo of the meadow lark's song only a few years since. He is retired now. He is weary of labor and is enjoying a well-earned rest at last but "age cannot wither nor custom stale" that keen appreciation of opportunity which has placed him in the enviable position he now occupies. From a high eminence he glanced over the city from the mountains to the sea and his single remark, prompted by the evidence that all who run may read, sums up the argument which should forever effectually silence all others in Southern California, "This country has a wonderful future!"

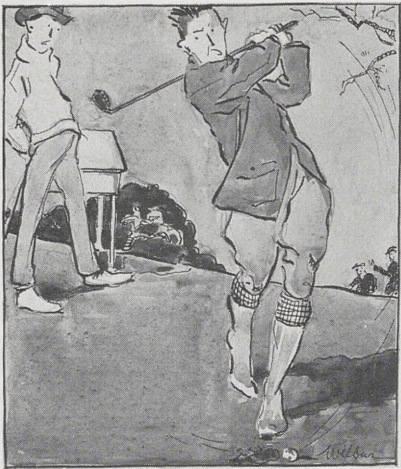
MY PRAYER

Time spreads his wings my wee one,
And past thee glides the yester year
Oh, could I know thy fate love,
And cast aside this madd'ning fear:
To know that within this clay
A life immortal held me near
O! God, to know, know, know,
That I might ever guard thee dear.

A. M. B.

MY FIRST, LAST AND ONLY GAME OF GOLF

By JOHN S. NIPE



I WOULD not know a niblick even if some one were to conceal one in my clothes. I would not be able to identify "a stymie" if I saw one walking down the street. I know what a leak is, it's something like an onion, only stronger. You'd hardly believe that, would you? But when you tack the letter "c" on to leak and make it "cleek," I pass it up. But I do know what a "driver" is, for I was introduced to one in my first, last and only game of golf. It happened this way.

Chauncey Williams and Herman McSorley were members of the new-fledged Bosky Dell

Golf, Recreation and Refreshment Club. Golf was supposed to furnish the recreation, and the refreshment was a quarter keg, just off the ice, and set up on a saw-buck with a life-saving faucet sticking out of it. This faucet when skilfully turned, emitted beer. No member of the club ever "foozled his approach" to this part of the Club's premises, so Chauncey told me. I don't know what Chauncey meant by "foozling his approach."

Any way, Joe Daggett and I hapened to be out there about the third Saturday the Club had squared away for its fall programme. Williams and McSorley proposed a game for the dinners that night. Of course as Daggett and I were rank "tender-feet," it was a certainty that one of us would have to pay for the dinners, but McSorley and Williams agreed to fight it out between themselves as to the appropriation for irrigating purposes at the dining table. They fitted us out with a long canvas haversack full of all kinds of clubs, gave us each five little white gutta percha balls, and tried to explain the rules of the game to us before we started. Every time you made a pass at the ball it counted a stroke. Even if you missed it, that didn't help you. The game was to pound that helpless little chunk of gutta percha into nine little tin cans, set in the ground at different distances apart, and in the middle of some cute little green cow-pastures which were called "putting greens."

Chauncey and Herman started off and knocked the balls nearly fifty yards from the sand-pile where we started from, the "first flop out of the box." They were certainly wonders, we thought. After Daggett and I got the bag dumped upside down and the war-clubs sorted we picked out a couple of weapons that Daggett said were "drivers." Daggett put on his glasses (he is terribly near-sighted) and made about fourteen passes at the ball without coming anywhere near it." I said to him, "Your foot-work is poor, Dag. Bore in till you can judge your distance better, and then give it one in the solar plexus. Don't feint so much. The ball can't hit you, can it?" "Brush by," says Daggett, "I'm just getting the sphere confused, see? And the next wallop he drove about a pint of sand out from under the ball and it came right down on the home plate. Then he took off his glasses, and made a terrible drive at the ball, a sort of an upper-cut starting right up from his knees. If he had connected with that ball fairly he would surely have put it to sleep. As it was he knocked it fully thirty yards. "When I've got my gig-lamps off," says Daggett, "this ball looks like the head of a pearl hat-pin about a mile off. When I've got the lamps on, it looks like one of those white balloons the Italians sell on the street-corners."

It was my turn next. I stepped up to the sand-pile, where I had made a nest for my ball with a small pile of sand, and I knocked it fully two hundred yards. I did, for fair. It jumped from the sand-pile like a jack-snipe going down wind, and it sailed up in the air like a swallow. Daggett nearly swallowed his glasses in the excitement. "You're going to be a wonder," he said. I lagged along with Daggett while he mauled and pounded and coaxed his ball to where mine lay. It took him 94 strokes counting the wild swings he missed. When we got to my ball it was sticking in some soft ground, half-way out of sight. "Gee," said Daggett, "you'll have to use the 'mud-iron' for that baby." So he got out a club that looked like a cross between a hockey stick and a stove-lifter, and I went at it. My first blow sunk the ball clear out of sight, and I asked Daggett if there was a spade in the assortment of clubs.

He said "No," and we finally compromised by fining me forty strokes for losing this ball, and I took another. We made the first hole after awhile, Daggett in 277 strokes while I negotiated it in 112. The next hole we got the balls in a lot of timothy that grew off to one side about a hundred yards, and when we fished in the bag for something to fit the dilemma, Daggett brought out a sharp-edged little club that he said was a "brassie." "A grassie, you mean," says I. "I remember reading something about that. Don't you see, you cut the grass away with this 'grassie' and then you

pound the ball to death with the driver." I was so sure that Dag. let it go at that, and we lawn-mowed the grass away till we found the balls and then we pasted them with the "drivers" until we got them away from the timothy.

Finally we got to a big ditch close up to a long, low-rakish-looking mound. "I wonder what that is," says Daggett? A fellow coming across the grounds just then, I asked him, and he told us it was a "Bunker." Daggett asked him if it meant "Bunker Hill," but he said "No! just Bunker." As he was leaving Daggett called and asked him who laid out the grounds, and he said Wentworth was the fellow's name. "Wentworth," says Daggett, "old Massachusetts name, of course this is a Bunker Hill." We looked all over it for a sign but we didn't find any. Well we both got into this hole, and Daggett says "ditched again; there's something wrong with our steering apparatus." So we compromised by picking the balls up and skirting around the "Bunker" until we got on to clear ground. If we hadn't we never would have got through.

Daggett knocked his ball up into a poplar tree, and lost one stroke by knocking it out of the tree with the "driver," and he took a set-back of fifty strokes because he had to climb the tree and pry the "driver" loose from where it got stuck in a crotch. At the eighth hole, I was only 715 strokes, and Daggett was 1127. Going to the second home-plate, the 9th hole, I actually "holed a putt"—that's what they call it, for 112 yards. Fact! I just belted that ball square on the bread-basket and it sailed up to the putting green, took a look around and then hopped right into the tin cup. McSorley and Williams were waiting for us. Williams was "top dog" having "gone the course," as they call it in 352 strokes, only 202 strokes over "Bogey," whatever that is. This "Bogey" for their nine hole course was only 150 strokes.

Williams asked us for our cards. We had figured all over our cards, and used up all the envelopes we had in our pockets tabbing the figures. We added them all up and it made me 796 strokes and Daggett was 1302 strokes. Says Williams, "all you fellows would need for an eighteen hole links would be a guide, a couple of sleeping-tents, and about 200 pounds of jerked pemmican. You'd just about make it with that." "That made me kind of peeved. "Look-a-here, Williams," says I, "if you'll take 15 of these little jokers and put them on a pool-table and you take a cue and I take a cue, or if you'll throw twenty-five of them, one at a time from a clay-bird trap, sixteen yards rise, you with one shotgun and me with another, I can beat you farther than you can shoot a cannon." "Oh! I'm no pool-player or wing-shot," says Chauncey. "And I'm no golloluff player like you," says I, "but why hand me this 'josh'? Tell it to Daggett. He's the ibex that pays for the dinner."

Well we had the dinner, and that year Sir Harry Garden, the great English player, who made the Bosky Dell nine holes in nine strokes, and offered to do it in eight, if they would let him "hole" from the fifth to the seventh hole, said my 112-yard "putt" was, for an amateur, a "bally, beastly fluke," whatever that is. Some foreign golfing expression, I suppose. Some of the members of the Bosky Dell Club were keen on my joining the Club after they saw that "putt" holed. But I let it go at that. I really believe this golf "bug" is a live insect all right, after you get to know it, but "never again" for "your Uncle Dudley." I've tried out all the games that ever hit the confines of civilization, including "pitch," poker and pinochle. I've laid in the duck "blinds" when the weather was raising goose-pimples on the gun-barrels, it was so cold; have fished when there wasn't a fish in fifty miles, and have enjoyed it right down to the wish-bone. But what chance has a little round gutta-percha ball against a 175 pound man armed with 18 clubs, wood and iron, and out in an open lot? I'll admit there's science in it all right, and skill too. Look at Williams' record of 352 strokes for a full nine hole course. But give me a shot-gun and the ducks flying, or a good old pal and a reliable pointer or setter, and plenty of birds in the country, ruffed grouse and quail, and I'll take my chances at that kind of sport. Mind you, I'm not "knocking" this golf exercise. Especially if you're playing with a good-looking girl to vary the scenery. But it's a little bit too deliberate a game for me. Too much like pasture chess. But those first and last wallops of mine, Oh! Papa!

But as "one swallow does not make a summer," so two good strokes doesn't make a golfer. I understand from the experts there are as many angles to the game as in three-cushion billiards, and that all you have to do to be a winner, is to "english" on the left side and hit like blazes.



THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

LIEUTENANT Leonard Wheeler Hartigan, and his bride, who have been passing a part of their honeymoon in Los Angeles, the guest of Lieutenant Hartigan's mother, Mrs. Thomas L. Hartigan, of 4947 Marathon avenue, left a few days ago for San Francisco. Lieutenant Hartigan is the son of Brig.-Gen. Hartigan, of the Philippine Expeditionary Forces, who recently visited with his family in Los Angeles. He has been aide-de-camp to his distinguished father until a short while ago, but anxious to see active service, has asked to be commissioned a lieutenant in the cavalry rather than keep his higher commission, and he will be stationed temporarily at the Presidio. Mrs. Hartigan before her marriage, was Miss Gretchen Leonore Kleinfelter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Kleinfelter, of 2126 Hearst street, Berkeley. The young people met in Manila a year or so ago, and the romance which had its beginning at that first meeting culminated in their marriage soon after Lieutenant Hartigan arrived from Manila. The bride is a graduate of Williamsport-Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa., and graduated from the University of California last June. Lieutenant Hartigan is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the University of the Philippines. Mrs. Hartigan will make her home with her parents at Berkeley, while her husband is stationed at the Presidio.

Another delightful out-of-door affair will be held at the home of Mrs. E. C. Dowling, 351 South Oxford street, this afternoon and evening, the hours being from 4 o'clock until midnight, when Mrs. Dowling is giving over her home and garden to the Stage Women's War Relief for the staging of a lawn fete. There will be any number of attractive booths scattered here and there that will be presided over by well known stage stars. Leo Carrillo will take part in the entertainment, giving a monologue. Miss Bertha Mann, leading woman at the Morosco, who is leaving Los Angeles next week and leaving a host of friends made during her stay in this city, will also be in attendance at this festive affair, as will other Morosco favorites. The girls of the Patriotic League, of which Miss Catherine E. Dowling is president of the Junior Auxiliary, will participate in the event. Mrs. Dowling will be assisted by her charming daughters, Miss Catherine, whose engagement to Mr. Alfred V. Orena was recently announced, Miss Dolores, and Miss Josefa Dowling, Mrs. George Wallace and Miss Marguerite Orena. Miss Catherine Dowling and Mr. Orena were to have been married this month, a big church wedding being planned. Mr. Orena received hurried orders to report for duty at an Eastern camp and the wedding plans of the young people were abandoned for the present. If Mr. Orena remains in the East, Miss Dowling accompanied by her mother will go on and the wedding will probably take place somewhere in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Beach, of 710 South

Kingsley drive, have as their guest their daughter, Mrs. Russell C. Ryan, better remembered as Miss Bonnie Beach, whose wedding to Lieutenant Ryan, which took place in New York last winter was an interesting event to Los Angeles society. Mrs. Ryan has been touring Canada with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Frank M. Ryan, of San Francisco, and visited with her in the northern city a short while before coming on to Los An-

North Island. Saturday evening they entertained with a dinner party at Hotel del Coronado preceding the week-end ball.

Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, accompanied by Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Miss Ella Brooks Barlow and Miss Elizabeth Wolters, motored down to Hotel del Coronado Friday afternoon for an extended sojourn, Dr. Barlow joining them Saturday for the week-end.

Mrs. Robert A. Heffner, of 2401 South Romeo street, recently revealed an interesting secret, that of the betrothal of her sister, Miss Elizabeth Shaw, of Moulton, Maine, to Mr. John Robert Lakin of Dayton, Ohio. Miss Shaw has visited in Los Angeles several times and has a host of friends here, who are pleased to hear this bit of news of her. She was educated in an eastern college, later taking a course in oratory in Boston. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Shaw, her father being one of the prominent attorneys in New England. No date has been decided upon as yet for the wedding.

A wedding of interest to social circles of Long Beach was that of Miss Clara Selby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Selby and Dr. Harold K. Burch, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, a week ago. The bride with her parents recently came to the Beach city from Colorado. She was educated at the Colorado Women's College, at Denver. Dr. Burch received his education at the University of Michigan and now holds a commission as first lieutenant in the Dental Reserve Corps, U. S. A. Dr. Burch and his bride left immediately after their wedding for Ann Arbor, stopping en route at Aspen, Colorado.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Leavelle, of Hollywood, have returned from a trip of several months to the Orient. They have taken the Wilkie home at the corner of Franklin avenue and Orange Drive. Mrs. W. S. Hunkins and daughter, Miss Mildred, of Franklin avenue, Hollywood, are home after a week passed at Catalina. Dr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Palmer and children, Dr. and Mrs. J. Addison Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Shrader and Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Old and daughter, Miss Jean, all of Hollywood, have been visitors at Avalon recently. Dr. Walter E. Deering, popular socially as well as in his profession, in Hollywood, left a fortnight ago for service in France with the American Red Cross.

Miss Dorothy Ferguson, of 1556 Hayworth avenue, Hollywood, has as her house guest Miss Sidford Sutherland, of Canada. Miss Ferguson was hostess at a dinner party a few evenings ago, in honor of Miss Sutherland. Places were set for Miss Helen Livingston, Miss Sutherland, Miss Donna Shuster, Miss E. M. Masters, Mr. Ed Knowles, Mr. J. Duncan Gleason, Mr. Joseph W. McClelland and the hostess. Miss Ferguson accompanied by her house guest, Miss Mildred Jamison and Miss Irene Kellie, left the other day for Laguna Beach, where they will pass a month. Mrs. Lillian Ferguson, mother of Miss Dorothy, who is a talented landscape painter, has taken



Harold Taylor

MISS NINA TUXEN

DAUGHTER OF THE NORWEGIAN ARTIST WHO, WITH HER PARENTS, PASSED SEVERAL WEEKS AT HOTEL DEL CORONADO

geles. Lieutenant Ryan is assistant surgeon of the navy at Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McClelland, of Wilshire Boulevard, with their two daughters, Miss Willie McClelland and Mrs. Ida McClelland-Brown, motored down to San Diego Friday, where they passed the night motoring over to Coronado Saturday morning, remaining over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Whitnah and their attractive daughters, Miss Dorothea Whitnah and Mrs. Munro Montgomery, and her small daughter, Mary Jane Montgomery, motored down Friday, passing the week-end with Munro Montgomery, who is stationed with the Aviation School at

a cottage at Laguna and the girls will be her guests.

Mrs. R. V. Foster, of 7064 Hawthorne avenue, Hollywood, with her two daughters, Miss Louise and Miss Frances Foster, are enjoying a two weeks' trip to Catalina. Miss Enid Yandell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Cartmell, and Mrs. F. P. Terrill, accompanied the Fosters. Mrs. Foster recently received news of the safe arrival in France of her son, Lieutenant Parker V. Foster.

Hermosa Beach is attracting quite a number of Eagle Rock residents just now. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Edwards, of 256 North Royal drive, accompanied by Mrs. Edwards' mother, Mrs. Mary Hickson, and the three charming children of the Edwards, all adopted, are passing the remainder of the summer at Hermosa. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Schneider, of 248 North Royal drive, are at Hermosa for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Rollin McNitt and son, of 206 West Colorado boulevard, Mrs. Hilton and Mr. Harold Hilton, mother and brother of Mrs. McNitt, will pass the month of August at Hermosa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goldthwaite, of 1010 Park View avenue, and their son, Mr. Charles, Jr., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McCray, left a few days ago for a northern trip. Mrs. Goldthwaite will visit with her sister in San Francisco, Mrs. A. K. Fenimore, while Mr. Goldthwaite, after a short visit in the northern city, will leave for the high Sierras to hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwaite only recently returned from an outing at Catalina. Mrs. Goldthwaite has two nieces, who are in war service. Miss Parita Gillespie, is in hospital service in France and Miss Nelson Gillespie, who has enlisted in the Y. W. C. A. amusement work for overseas, is in New York, just now, awaiting order to sail with a number of other girls in service.

Mrs. J. C. Daniels, of Lester avenue, Pasadena, has as her house guest, Mrs. Donald P. Daniels of Boston, bride of her son, Lieutenant Donald P. Daniels, who is now an aviator in active service overseas. Mrs. Daniels will pass the summer with her husband's mother and a number of delightful pleasure trips have been planned for this attractive eastern visitor. They will motor to San Francisco and the Yosemite. Before her marriage a year ago, Mrs. Daniels was Miss Genevieve Winans, the family being well known socially in Boston. Lieutenant Daniels is a graduate of the Boston College of Technology.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Whiteside and their daughter, Mrs. Ruth V. Parsons, who have been at Hotel del Coronado since last December, returned August 1, to their home in Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena. Captain Robert M. Mairesse, the brilliant French aviator, whose engagement to Mrs. Parsons was announced in January, is still on special detail at Ellington Field near Houston, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran and their small niece, Marjorie, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, motored down to Hotel del Coronado Friday afternoon for the week-end. Saturday evening they gave a charmingly arranged dinner party, the table being laid in the breakfast room, the centerpiece of crimson blossoms and

feathery grasses and hand-limned cards marking covers for Mr. and Mrs. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, Captain and Mrs. George Derby Holland, Captain and Mrs. Van Der Heyden, Mr. and Mrs. James Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. William Jerome Toomey, Mrs. Lauren Ingels, Mrs. William Luther Davis, Miss Lydia Davis, Miss Vesta White, Miss Amelia Mudner, Miss Florence iGlmore, Lieutenant Plaisted, Captain Adkley, Captain Cook, Lieutenant Duncan and Marjorie Doran. Later the guests enjoyed the dancing in the ballroom.

An important wedding in social circles of Whittier was that of Mrs. Tillie Thornhill, of Whittier, and Mr. O. G. Lewison, of Hubbard, Iowa, which took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Chris Schnyder, of La Habra, a fortnight ago. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Emma Coffin, associate pastor of the Friends Church at Whittier. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Emma Coffin, associate pastor of the Friends Church at Whittier. The bride wore a gown of georgette crepe, with pearls, and she carried an arm bouquet of white carnations, lilies of the valley and maiden hair ferns. Two little nieces of the bride, Myrtle Schneider and Lillian Kruse, were the flower girls, and the bride's own little son, Master Roy, was ring bearer. Mrs. Lewison formerly resided in Texas, coming to Whittier about four years ago, and is well known among the Quaker colony, having met her husband while attending the Friends Church. Mr. Lewison is a retired capitalist from Iowa. Mr. Lewison and his bride will, after a short wedding trip to San Diego, leave California for their home in Iowa. En route they will visit the Yellowstone National Park and other places of interest.

SOMEWHAT CONFUSING

A man hurried into a grocery store and asked the proprietor if he could change a five-dollar bill which he tendered him. The proprietor looked in his cash register and found he could not change it.

"Let me have a dollar and keep this five-dollar bill till tomorrow," said the man. "I must have some change right away, and I'll come in and get the bill tomorrow."

The grocer consented to this, put the five-dollar bill in the cash register and gave the man a dollar.

Next day the man came in, gave the grocer four dollars and took his five-dollar bill.

Was this an even transaction or who the loser?

AT THE SOMME

Foreign Legion Jim—Harry is getting exclusive as the devil lately.


F. L. Billy—You mean he doesn't want to associate with you?

F. L. Jim—Not that, but he refuses to shoot anyone but Prussian officers. —Chaparral.

CLASS WAS ALL RIGHT

Angry Prof.—"Do you think this class is a joke, young man?"


Stude—"No, sir, I'm not laughing at the class."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

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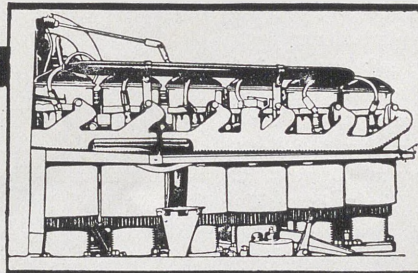
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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

AN important bit of society news recently told was the announcement made a few days ago by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, of 833 West Twenty-eighth street, of the betrothal of their charming young daughter, Miss Margaret Johnson, to Lieutenant Howard H. Wells, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wells, of Westmoreland place. Miss Johnson is one of the lovely coterie of girls who are members of the Patriotic League and is one of the enthusiastic canteen workers. She is a graduate of the Bishop School for Girls at La Jolla and a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority. Lieutenant Wells, who is stationed at Arcadia, in the balloon school, is a graduate of the Boston School of Technology. His two brothers, who are also in the service, Lieutenant Ralph Wells, being with the Field Artillery, and Ensign Robert Wells being with the Naval Flying Corps, which recently left for service in France. No date has been named as yet for the wedding of Miss Johnson and Lieutenant Wells. Another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, who will be remembered as Miss Katherine Johnson, is now Mrs. Monroe, wife of Lieutenant William Robert Monroe, an officer in the U. S. navy, stationed at San Francisco. Lieutenant Robert Perry Johnson, a brother of Miss Margaret, is at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, in the Field Artillery Replacement Corps. It was only a few weeks ago that his engagement to Miss Carol Stewart, of Oneonta, New York, was announced.

Mrs. Albert M. Stephens, of South Kingsley drive, was hostess at a luncheon recently, having as her guests, Mrs. Donald Frick, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Robert L. Read, Mrs. Harry Rethers, Baroness Alfred de Ropp, Miss Mildred Lacy, of Santa Barbara and house guest of Baroness de Ropp, Miss May and Miss Eva Webb, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun, of 2157 Harvard boulevard, recently entertained with a charmingly appointed dinner party, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Knecht, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Prentiss, of Denver. The table was centered with a pretty arrangement of summer flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Knecht, who were visiting at the home of Mrs. Knecht's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley, in Menlo avenue, have returned to their home. Their children, who remained with their nurse for a bit longer, are to leave in a few days for San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss, with their children, are guests of Mrs. Prentiss' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. Fraser, of Venice.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, of Chester place, who have been passing a few weeks in Los Angeles, have returned to Washington, where they are just now making their home. While in Los Angeles, a number of pretty although quite informal little social courtesies, was extended Mrs. Doheny. Just before leaving for the East, Mrs. Doheny entertained with a luncheon for a few friends.

Miss Edith Young, charming San Francisco girl, who has been visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin, of 2400 South Figueroa street, has returned to her home in the North. While in Los Angeles a guest of her fiancé's parents and sister, Miss Cecile McLaughlin, Miss Young was the recipient of many de-

lightful affairs. Miss Louise Forve was hostess at a pretty luncheon, at the Los Angeles Country Club. Mr. Herbert Chesebro gave an Orpheum party, later taking his guests to the Alexandria for supper. Miss Genevieve and Miss Ethel McDonald were hostesses at a luncheon given at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, followed by a theater party at the Morosco. Miss Marion Wigmore entertained with a tea at the Los Angeles Country Club, and the day before Miss Young left for her home was filled with a merry round of affairs. Miss Corinne Eisenmayer entertained with a luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club and later in the afternoon the Misses Dockweiler were hostesses at a picnic supper at the beach, later

are planning a vacation at Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, of Beverly, are also planning a fortnight at this popular resort. They will also be guests at the St. Catherine hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler and Mrs. Dan McFarland are passing the summer at Redondo Beach.

Mr. Beverly B. Woolwine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Woods Woolwine, of 4040 Wilshire boulevard, left a fortnight ago for the aviation camp at Detroit, Michigan, where he will begin training. En route he will stop over at Camp Fremont to visit with his brother, Lieutenant Claire Woolwine, who is stationed there.

Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding and daughter, Miss Gertrude Gooding, of 610 Westmoreland avenue, and their house guest, Miss Katherine Thompson, of Evansville, Indiana, are at Hotel del Coronado, where they plan to pass several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips and their daughter, Miss Angelita Phillips, of Harvard boulevard, motored down to Coronado, where they will enjoy a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hampton, who have been visiting in Los Angeles, have returned to San Diego. Accompanying them as their guests were Rev. Francis Conaty and Rev. Father James H. Ryan, of Indianapolis. Mr. Hampton is in government construction work at North Island. Mrs. H. M. Littell and daughter, Miss Gladys, of 2001 Oak Knoll, Pasadena, have returned from a delightful motor trip to San Diego and Coronado. Mr. and Mrs. John N. Henry, of 1199 Oak Knoll, Pasadena, are at Santa Ynez, in Santa Barbara county, where they plan to remain several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Story, of Hillcrest avenue, Oak Knoll, with their daughters, Mrs. Raymond Freer and Mrs. Washburn, are at Venice, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Interesting news to their many friends in Los Angeles, comes from Oklahoma, announcing the marriage there of Miss Helen Cullen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cullen, of 820 Beacon street, this city, and Mr. Theodore Lee, second son of Rev. and Mrs. Baker P. Lee, also of Los Angeles, which took place at the Midland Hotel, near Fort Sill. Mr. Lee has been stationed at Fort Sill with Battery F, Second Field Artillery, for several months. The young

people had been engaged for some time, although the engagement had not been formally announced, and the wedding had not been planned to take place for until a year later. However, orders for Mr. Lee to report for duty elsewhere, caused the youthful sweethearts to change their plans and in consequence, Mrs. Baker P. Lee and Miss Cullen left Los Angeles a fortnight ago for Fort Sill. Following the wedding Mr. Lee and his bride left on a short honeymoon trip. Mr. Lee is soon to leave for France and his bride has returned to Los Angeles and will make her home here while her husband is overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney H. Ellis, of La Canada, and former residents of Los Angeles, have received news of the arrival in France of their son, Mr. Sidney H. Ellis, Jr. He is with the artillery. Mrs. Frederick Townsend, of West Ocean avenue, Long Beach, has also received news of the arrival overseas of her niece, Miss Velona Pilcher. Miss



MRS. SHIRLEY W. BOWLES
OF WASHINGTON, D. C., AND HER TWO CHARMING CHILDREN, DWIGHT AND
BARBARA

returning to the Los Angeles Country Club, where dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin and their daughter, Miss Cecile McLaughlin, are planning to leave in a few days for a motor trip through the North. They will pass a fortnight or more at Del Monte and then on to San Francisco, where they will visit for a few weeks, and if their plans for a summer outing do not go awry, they will motor from San Francisco on up to Feather river.

Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, of West Twenty-eighth street, who has been enjoying a few weeks at Catalina, is expected home soon. Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow, of Serrano street, are passing a fortnight on the Island, guests at the St. Catherine hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Gertrude, and their son, Mr. John Orcutt, are passing the month of August at Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wigmore, of West Adams street, and their daughter,

Pilcher went abroad as secretary to the Stanford unit to do reconstruction work in France. She is a graduate of Stanford and later took a course in journalism at Columbia College.

Saturday afternoon, August 3, Mr. John J. Hernan gave a most delightful children's party on the West Lawn, honoring his God-child, Betty Neustadt, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Robert G. Neustadt, who with her mother is passing the season in Coronado. Captain Neustadt, who is with the Remount Service of the United States Army, is stationed in Florida. The little folk enjoyed all sorts of old-fashioned games for an hour on the West Lawn and then marched to the Ocean Terrace, where the supper tables were arranged beneath flowering potted plants and palms, with bright awnings. The orchestra played all the popular airs and later dancing was enjoyed. The tables held centerpieces of gay summer flowers and foliage, while that of the small guest of honor represented a miniature city with parks and houses, an electric railroad circling the "city" and the "Betty Special" ran busily on the tracks. Place favors and fancy tissue paper hats marked each place and just before Betty sat down, Vernon Goodwin, Jr., and Frederick Sands pulled the pink satin ribbons attached to the immense pink rose over her head, the rose petals falling in a fragrant shower. Eighty-five children enjoyed the afternoon.

THE WAR IN SUNNY ITALY

BY GRIFFIN BARRY

OVER the quiet provincial town of Padua, only a few hours motor ride from the Italian front, war has lain a heavy hand. The lovely Padua of former days has nearly disappeared—its precious mediaeval buildings scarred by aerial bombardments, its population depleted by the flight of all who can afford to leave, the quiet neighborly activities which had made life in Padua more agreeable than in most of the smaller Italian cities everywhere stilled. Instead the streets are blocked by the militia of three allied armies. Its houses, its stores, what citizens remain—all have been requisitioned by the military.

Added to the disfiguring effects of war are terrible economic problems. Padua has become the center for refugees from hundreds of square kilometers of devastated territory—part of it now in the grip of the Austro-German forces, part torn up by the necessities of the Italian defense. Indeed, one of the most pressing refugee problems in Italy has arisen in the small city on the brink of the Maelstrom. And here, as elsewhere in Italy where the need is great, the American Red Cross has reached out a helping hand to the civil population. Two institutions of aid are now running full blast under the direction of Captain F. C. Thwaites, formerly a Milwaukee attorney, now an American Red Cross delegate.

In a great room in the shelter of a 17th century baroque arch, the American Red Cross sewing room is situated. Here nearly a hundred women gather daily, stitching American cloth into garments for the needy. All of the cloth is furnished by the Red Cross. The insignia of the same organization is pinned to every garment. The workers are paid wages—as in all American Red Cross sewing rooms in Italy. For the vast majority of them no other work is to be had. Their output is sold, not given away—sold at

cost price, excluding the cost of the material, which is the gift of the American Red Cross. Only those persons whose need of clothing is guaranteed by the municipal authorities are allowed to buy.

Food is provided in two soup kitchens administered by local religious societies. The principal foodstuffs are supplied by the American Red Cross. Those who have faced hunger and cold in the past winter appear twice a day, stories of spiritual turmoil and physical hardship written on every face. A recital of the histories that could be gathered, taking one individual after another down either of the long lines, would in itself form an indictment of war strong enough to be remembered. Hot food made with American beef, rice, lard and flour—all of these products out of the reach of the Italian poor—are sold at minimum prices or, in cases of complete destitution vouched for by the municipality, given away.

A more active terror in Padua than hunger is the Austrian aeroplane. During February last the raids were frequent. Recently Padua has been spared, but the dangers recur on every clear night. Any night prowler in the fields about Padua will find scores of sleeping bodies, for the numbers of the poor and ignorant still flee at sunset from the danger of falling buildings inside the town.

A small hotel was struck late in February at the dinner hour. Miraculously no one was killed, although upwards of sixty people were cowering in the cellar of the building at the time and seven were hiding on the first floor. A third of the building was cut away, filling the yard and the street with debris. The persons inside were saved only by a quick rush toward the untouched portions of the building. For the needy in the general exodus that occurred after that culminating raid, Captain Thwaites supplied food and clothing to be used enroute to places of safety.

THE SOLDIER'S CHANCES

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of the war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the allied armies, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed.

Forty-nine chances of recovering from wounds to one chance of dying from them.

One chance in 500 of losing a limb.

Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the Army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from 10 to 15 men died from disease to 1 from bullets; in this war 1 man dies from disease to every 10 from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who do not escape scatheless, the Government under the soldier and sailor insurance law gives protection to the wounded and their dependents and to the families and dependents of those who make the supreme sacrifice for their country.

BIG BANKING CRISIS

Neighbor—"Got much money in your bank, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Gee, no! The depositors have fallen off somethin' fierce since sister got engaged."—Boston Transcript.

Philippine Hand-Made Under wear

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THE IMPORTANCE OF ENVIRONMENT

By HENRIETTA R. KNAPP

*"This I learned from the
shadow of a tree,
That to and fro did sway
upon the wall
Our shadow selves; our
influences may fall—
Where we can never be."*

MANY years ago our Pilgrim Fathers sought America to enable them to create an environment suitable to work out their ideals in a spiritual and righteous manner. One of the paramount motives was to build a democracy with freedom and justice as the basic principles and it is on these principles that the Government rests today as firmly as in that earlier time.

For generations through our national freedom we have been able to express ourselves in the particular way in which we felt we could manifest best and as a result we have a powerful civilization of intellectual, industrious and home-loving people.

Unhampered by a military system, our youths have been accustomed to plan their life work without thought of their possible duty to their country, little dreaming, in this beautiful land of prosperity and plenty, that the country's call, "to arms," would ring throughout the land, to sweep aside their ideals and plans for the future, that the paramount issue of the hour, international freedom, be once and forever solved.

What is there in our national life that has made it possible in so short a time to develop a vast army in all departments of the service? It is this—our Nation, waving the banner of the greatest Republic in the world, holds up a standard of ethical, financial and social ideals to her people, that in justice and brotherly love reaches out in all possible ways to demolish the iron claw that seeks to throttle the peace and happiness of mankind. As a nation we respect our fellow-man, accord him justice, give him freedom to work out his life along the professional or industrial line he likes best, and through our splendid school systems, federated clubs, civic improvement centers and Parent-Teachers associations, a desire has been awakened to the point that now almost every city and town has sanitary and storm drainage, electric lights, paved streets, a gas plant and park improvements. Abreast with this movement we notice architectural improvement and the desire to furnish the home so that it may express a real individuality.

In the words of Browning:

The common problem—yours, mine, everybody's—is not to fancy what were fair providing it could be, but finding first what may be, make that fair according to our means.

"To create an environment has in it the dream of a poet, the research of a scientist, the skill of the artisan and the practical common sense that is divine."

Environment literally means surroundings, and this embraces not only the material things found in our homes and the community, but the mental atmosphere created with the spirit of the times.

The first school a child enters is the home, and the early lessons learned are the most important.

We know that beauty is truth and we have learned to realize that every object in the home has a vital effect on the mentality of those who live in that home. It is for this reason that William Morris said:

Put nothing in your home that you do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful.

There never was a time in the world's history when we so needed to know and to know well, how to create a home to make it appealing, cheerful and comfortable, that it may uplift by its very atmosphere and radiate a spirit of hope and cheer to those whom it shelters. For this reason our colleges and schools have added to their curriculum courses in interior decoration and more progressive commercial institutions are holding classes in decorative art for their employees and supporting lecturers to develop taste in the community.

A well-appointed home today is a necessity—a home with carefully studied color schemes, realizing that color has a vital influence on the mind—red symbolizing energy or force, blue intellectual atmosphere, yellow spirituality, or light, green life-giving power and white purity. We should look to see if the vista of color scheme is correct through connecting rooms. A study of the floor covering, walls, hangings and furniture should be made to determine whether they are tied together in artistic harmony, knowing that each individual thing has a definite influence on the consciousness of those who come in contact with it. One writer has said:

The contour of a moulding, the curve of a chair or the color scheme of a room may retard or advance civilization.



The art instinct is universal and its development is necessary for the upward trend of culture and civilization.

The character and mind development of a child depends in great part on the quality of the home. Surround him with an artistic environment and he soon learns to love the beautiful in nature, music, poetry and art, and reflects this love in the development of a character that grows into the man a sense of true knowledge, morality, religion and patriotism.

Today, we live in a mental environment of patriotic inspiration through writers like Guy Empey,

in his "Over the Top," and in the writings of Mary Roberts Rinehart, Richard Bertinck, Wallace Irwin, Irvin S. Cobb, Samuel G. Blythe, and others, and in an atmosphere of soul-stirring music which has given us songs like "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "When the Boys Come Home," which have inspired patriotic art posters by the world's best artists.

The center of our national life is the government, and the heart of the government is the home, built on ties of love for kin and country, inspired by the same spirit that made possible the Declaration of Independence, and over which no brutal military force like that of the Hun, can ever prevail.

The home, the greatest institution in the world, is what men fight for, is the great magnet that draws the boys "over there," to make sure of its safety, is the reason why mothers, wives, and daughters are willing to strive on alone that the final outcome may be "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

The Hun will find that we stand as a nation, a government, a people, united in energy and purpose to do to the uttermost our part in blotting out forever from the world, the thought of autocratic supremacy.

The kind, loving heart of America and her allies will win the world struggle because they are moved by Divine motives to preserve right and justice in the world, while the Hun has forgotten the one living God and His children, and has left out of his calculation the spirit of the Christ "To love one another."

Growth embodies constant change as found in our four seasons, each one of which, creates for us a new environment.

Who does not look forward with eager anticipation for the first buds of Springtime, bringing back to us the birds, flowers, fruits and vegetables we so enjoy! How we love to watch the Spring merge into Summer, with its depths of green in foliage and shrubbery; then again into the brilliant Autumn changing our world into a blaze of gorgeous beauty, ripening to fullest maturity the last of the season's treasures and pouring them into a cornucopia of plenty—the Harvest; then comes the Season when all nature rests and we settle down to the quiet thoughtful peace of Winter.

Co-operating with the change of seasons works one of the greatest stimulating forces in life—that of Dame Fashion, the world's leading artist. We bow down in faithful home age at her shrine and follow her example knowing that we are made better by the changes she suggests. Through her ample setting in the art of design, we are able to surround ourselves with an environment that fits into the ideal and spirit of the times.

As we change our clothing with appropriateness in style and design from season to season, in the same way we must realize the importance of the constant adding to and beautifying the home. Like an old fashioned gown, furniture and furnishings that have well served their purpose and that you have outgrown, should be disposed of or exchanged for new that will give comfort and create a pleasing atmosphere about you. You owe it to yourself and your future achievements, to systematically go over the home to see to it that the shabby draperies and floor coverings and the soiled upholstery on your furniture be re-dressed, and that a few new pieces are added here and there to give just the homey touch needed. It may be a fern-stand, a bird-cage, a magazine-stand or a comfortable chair that will add just the right keynote to the Sun-room; the porch may be made more comfortable by a couch swing with some reed, rattan or old hickory furniture; it may be a lack of music that a Victrola or player-piano could supply—for the lack of music or the art found in beautiful things will cause a depression that kills effort as surely as a headache caused by hunger.

As the rosebush carefully tended by pruning it, stirring up and fertilizing the soil, watering and spraying it will amply reward you by the beauty of its foliage and flora, so your home kept in condition of comfort and beauty will reward you in the uplift of the spirit manifest in harmonious contentment.

THINGS YOU SHOULD NOT KNOW ABOUT THE MOVIES

ABOUT once a week there comes to the desk of the writer of this guff an envelope containing, among other things a "pome" much like the one that we now publish here. It is presented not because of its great value as reading matter, but because it is necessary to print it in order that we may present a poem of our own, as a sort of sequel. And that is our only apology. It runs like this:

THE SCREEN ANGEL

She was her Mother's darling and her Popper's only joy,
And for once her parents never said, "We wish she was a boy."
Her hair a golden nimbus, her eyes a heavenly blue,
An angel in appearance it is very, very true.
She was clever, but they spoiled her, how they spoiled that angel child,
The directors and the actors over Angela went wild,
Then they told her she was clever and they told her she was pretty,
And everything she said was quite too cute or quite too witty.
The dear public sent her candy and the papers called her great,
And they swelled her tiny head all up until it was too late
To keep her still a baby, now she's lost her pretty ways
And with her clothes and make-up box instead of toys she plays,
Says smarty-alec things to grown-ups, just to hear them laugh
And joins their conversation, understands their vulgar chaff,
But she brings her parents money and they do not have to work,
And moral obligations to their baby girl they shirk,
And her acting shows it badly, she has lost her natural charm,
She is "acting" all the while and she will ne'er survive the harm
It does her; in a few years time she'll be like all the rest,
Sans inspiration, naturalness, sans all that's for the best.
The "Screen Angel" is numerous and is very often spoiled,
And by the time she reaches eight through several years has toiled,
Then when she gets the gawky age she exits through the door
That leads to "Might-have-been" land and we never see her more!
To which we now desire to add, in the spirit of justice and right, and all that sort of thing:

THE MOTION PICTURE PRESS AGENT

He owned a good typewriter, and imagined he was great,
At writing for the papers, (but here we wish to state:
His verses they were awful, and his prose almost as punk,

And everything he sent out could be classified as junk.)

But the papers they were hungry for this motion picture stuff

And they ate it up regardless, and couldn't get enough,

And the public, always patient, stood for it a good, long time,

Until he got to feeding them big doses of his rime,

Sans inspiration, sense, or anything "that's for the best,"

And then they yelled for mercy, and begged to have a rest,

But the M. P. P. A. was busy, and his typewriter made such a roar,

That he didn't hear them calling; didn't know that they were sore,

And so he kept on writing, 'till the public wished that he,

Would exit through the skylight, and an angel get to be.

SYMBOLICAL of sympathy, representative of home and all that home and mother and friends mean to the lonesome and homesick soldier, the of the Red Cross is

ings day business They

show struc circu In ad some of the

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(EXECUTED
DEC 18
1895)

(EXECUTED
APRIL 14
1906)

(EXECUTED
JULY 5
1918)

Thousands of people are unwittingly depending upon Wills which are now *too old* to provide for conditions existing today, or which may exist at the time of their demise.

In the safe-deposit box of a New York millionaire, who recently died, seven Wills were found, six of which were, of course, revoked by the last one drawn. Each Will provided for conditions as they existed at the time of its execution.

We will gladly advise you relative to the "up-to-dateness" of your Will. Your attorney may then re-draw it to conform to changed conditions if it is found necessary to do so. Our booklet which explains the advantages of Trust Company executorship is free.

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MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

THE proposed system of signaling for drivers of motor vehicles which has received the approval of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and that of a similar organization in the northern part of the state, is simple and meets all requirements, and would if incorporated in traffic rules, do away with a large number of accidents. It is as follows: Arm raised vertical (up) turning to right; arm horizontal, turning to left; arm vertical, (down) slowing down or stopping. This method is adapted to the driver of right or left-hand drive vehicles. It is said that about ninety per cent of motor vehicle accidents are caused by signal neglect.

THE streams on the west side of the Sierras are lower than has been known in many years, according to Roy R. Meads, head of the Pacific Rubber Company, Horseshoe tire distributors, who has just returned from an extended motor trip through that section. "The streams on the eastern slope are in much better condition," he said. "There is practically no snow in the higher altitudes where last year at this time it was packed to a

mobile is the devil's own invention; for I believe it has bred more vice and more extravagance than any other devices ever contrived by the genius of man. I am free to say, however, that very few share my opinion, and nobody will act upon it. They will all go on buying automobiles as long as they can afford to, and many of them, I regret to say, will buy when they cannot afford to. And now we have some knowledge of the reason why the voters of Texas relegated Bailey to private life.

MUCH has been said about what action the government will take relative to steel used for the manufacture of automobiles. Here is what the New York Tribune has to say on the subject: "The government has been taking a census to determine the amount of steel in the possession of motor car makers, also the total of finished parts on hand. Some persons have interpreted this to mean that if the government officials discover there are more parts than enough to finish out the 1918 production they will be seized. Also that any excess of steel over the 1918 production requirements



TOURISTS MAY NOW VIEW CATALINA'S WONDERFUL SCENERY FROM STUDEBAKER STAGES

depth of two or three feet or more.

IT is said that not more than two per cent of the entire highway mileage of the United States can be classed as first class and permanent. So poor are the roads between Chicago and Detroit, and from Detroit to the Atlantic seaboard, that motoring over them is declared to be painful by those who claim to know whereof they speak. It is very evident that California is far ahead of its sister states in the matter of permanent highways.

CONTRARY to popular belief, there are almost a score of automobiles on Santa Catalina island. There are thirty-five miles of very fair highway on the island and of this mileage twenty-four lies between Avalon and the Isthmus. From the latter point the Pacific may be viewed on the east and west sides. A fleet of twelve-passenger Studebaker stages carry parties over this wonderfully scenic route.

HERE is a recent utterance by Joseph Weldon Bailey, sometime United States senator from Texas, regarding one of the world's greatest inventions—the automobile: "I am one of those old-fashioned men—living, it may be, many years after I ought to have died—who think that the auto-

will be taken by the government. This, however, does not appear to be the government intent. Actually, the government officials in some cases have hastened the shipment of materials so that greatly overbalanced inventories might be brought up nearer level; in other words, that instead of a mass of partly completed cars, more entire automobiles might be turned out. There is, of course, no value in an automobile 98 per cent complete as long as the 2 per cent of missing elements is unobtainable. And there is too much real wealth tied up in this manner to be economically safe. It is much better business to see that the stuff is cleaned up and got out on the road, rather than have it lying around useless. Labor and materials that are past and gone, just as much as in cars of the 1912 and 1913 vintage, are involved in the parts of incomplete cars. There is no saving, and, indeed, there is a decided loss in letting this stuff hang around so. It appears to be forgotten by those persons who imagine the government has a plan of confiscation of materials that the 30 per cent reduction in output agreed upon between the government and the motor car officials months ago was to run until August 317. There is still a lot of time before that date is reached, and actually the motor car manufacturers have not been supplied with materials enough to keep their production up to the 70 per cent of the projected 1918 production.



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to a dead stop be-
fore passing a car where
people are getting on or
off. That is helping for

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First”**

Los Angeles Railway



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Maximum safety
And a very pleasant place
to do business

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Fourth and Spring Streets

TRINKLETS

There is one consolation about crowd-
ed street cars:—You may be too tired
to stand up, but you couldn't fall down
if you wanted to.

An awe-inspiring array of telegraph
poles is still to be observed in motion
pictures having to do with Revolution-
ary War days.

Many vapid youths discourse loudly
upon the desirability of war gardens.
But all they raise is Cain.

The contention that we would all
enjoy longer lives if we made peanuts
a part of every meal may be correct.
But who wants to live that kind of a
life?

Now that the income tax excitement
has blown over, there's some satisfac-
tion to be derived from the fact that
some 6,000,000 others beside yourself
had to pay it.

The motion to turn deer into food
is all right, as long as the horns are
not included.

Notwithstanding the issuance of bul-
letins telling people how to cross the
streets without being injured, people
continue to be run over by autos. Pos-
sibly a leaflet to chauffeurs on how to
drive without bumping into pedestrians
might have the desired effect.

Add to your list of immortals: The
man who pays five dollars for a set of
tools with which to do a dollar repair
job.

All is not gold that glitters, and
many an empty attic reposeeth behind
a pair of intellectual looking horn-
rimmed spectacles.

Twenty-four dollars weekly is said
to be sufficient for the support of a
family of six:—by all except those who
have tried it.

After learning that a letter took
three years to come from Russia we're
willing to admit the mail deliveries
over here could be a bit worse.

"Famous Beauties Never Get Fat,"
says an advertisement. Of course not.
Merely "pleasingly plump."

The strangest thing about free verse
is that people get paid for writing it.

The awfulness of the Russian situa-
tion can best be appreciated after
hearkening to a one-finger recital of
the Russian Prelude by an infant prod-
igy.

THIS MEANS U!

Food conservation is necessary in
this country, as well as in England,
where placards on the wall proclaim:

If U fast, U beat U boats;
If U feast, U boats beat u.

HANDING DOWN PA'S TEETH

Small Boy—"My father's got a new
set of teeth."

Friend—"What's to become of the
old ones?"

Small Boy—"Oh, I guess they'll cut
'em down for me."—New York Evening
World.

UNJUSTLY ACCUSED

"Clothes, clothes, clothes," growled
Mr. Twobble. "Madam, don't you ever
think of anything but clothes?"

"Of course I do," replied Mrs.
Twobble, indignantly. "For days at a
time I have concentrated my mind on
hats and boots."—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

Over There Our Boys Are Winning

We had no doubt of the result
when they were in France in
sufficient strength. But their
glorious showing when at the
very outset they met the
flower of the Hun armies and
whipped him to a frayed fraz-
zle in a knock-down and drag-
out, where brains, guts and
cold steel combined to make
unbeatable our fighting units,
fills us with unbounded elation.
And we'll tell the world so.

We are proud of HORSE-
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE theaters offered nothing very attractive the past week if we except the Orpheum, where Madame Sarah Bernhardt was appearing. Packed houses kept up throughout the two week's engagement of Mme. Bernhardt at the popular vaudeville house, and, of course, the audiences were well repaid. The great French actress was splendid all through this, her last appearance here.

At Morosco's Bertha Mann appeared for the last time here, at least for a while, in something called "De Luxe Anne." It could hardly be called a play. It was an attempt to illustrate a story of that title which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. The story was a rather poor one, and why anyone should have attempted to put it on the stage is almost beyond comprehension. It was poorly done throughout, and Bertha Mann was denied an opportunity to shine in her first farewell week in Los Angeles. Too bad. Something good should have been selected for her going away week.

For the present week the Morosco has "Upstairs and Down," with a splendid cast. This is a good comedy, and one that Morosco patrons already have set their stamp of approval on. It's revival will prove to be very pleasing, no doubt.

JUST because Madame Sarah Bernhardt concludes her wonderful engagement at the Orpheum Sunday night, is no sign the Orpheum is going out of business, or that its bills will decrease in quality. Quite the contrary; to signal the resumption of its regular vaudeville, it has prepared just as big a musical treat for the week beginning Monday, August 12, as was afforded in a dramatic way by Bernhardt, for the new bill, besides being headed by a thrilling sketch, "Camouflage" contains the names of a very famous tenor and an equally noted violiniste. "Camouflage," by the way, is all its name implies, but it is not a war play at all. Originated and presented by Henri de Vries, a master in dramatic portrayal, it is a story of a lot of counterfeiterers who so disguise their den that on alarm it turns into a bourgeoise home living room. How detectives, spotting it, are foiled by periscopes and the like, only in the end to find the crew and enter, and thus capture the gang, is part of the story. The play is admirably presented by a big and strong cast, and with all the needful accessories. Madame Lili Petschnikoff, the world famous violiniste, is a beauty in person as well as in her art. She has a most romantic career; her former husband, Alexander Petschnikoff, was the master of the violin, a Russian of international fame. She was left at the war's outbreak in Germany with her children; she managed to escape with all save her eldest daughter, from whom she cannot get word. But she has retained her priceless violin and her wondrous power of moving the hearts of her hearers, and all of this she brings to the Orpheum. Carl Jorn, one of the two most famous tenors of the world, comes to the Orpheum from the Metropolitan Opera in New York, on a brief leave of absence. No music lover needs a description of him; he is historic in his ability and only Caruso rivals him. Mr. Jorn will sing a different programme every appearance, chosen from a world-wide repertoire. These two marvelous musical stars in one bill make it the most remarkable in that line ever offered at the Orpheum. In the bill are also Lew Madden and Gene Ford, in a back stage skit, "Monday Morning"; Moran & Mack, as "two black crows" in "Patter"; Mayo and Lynn in their racy conversation; Drew and Wallace, at the soda fountain, and the Quillos, in feats of equilibrium. The Allied Nations war pictures, the Pathe news and the Orchestra concerts are retained and complete a remarkably fine bill. Madame Sarah Bernhardt positively said farewell Sunday, in "Camille."

A PROGRAM of three one-act plays written by local authors and put on by local actors will be given Monday, August 12, in Blanchard Hall for the benefit of the members of the Drama and Arts Guild. To be

sure, Miss Rosalind Vick, the leading performer in all three plays, is only local in the sense of being a California girl. She left her home State to roam through the east with Sothorn and Marlowe and has only returned to us this spring. Those who saw her performance at San Pedro last week, where the same program was put on for the benefit of the soldiers, say that she is well up to the California standard,—which means something in the state that produced Mary Anderson, Maxine Elliott, and Isadora Duncan.

The plays consist of two comedies, "Wanted—to be a Widow" by Emma Seckle Marshall, and "Mrs. Teagle's Tears" by Dr. Ernest S. Bates, and a war play entitled "When He Came Home" by Leslie Burton Blades. Though a war play, the latter is not of the usual type with which the public has become somewhat too familiar. It deals with the return of a

soldier who has been blinded at the front and with what happens when he meets again the girl he loves. Its spirit is one of fine idealism and a deep, though not noisy patriotism. The author, who is himself a blind man, will play the part of the returning soldier.

The program is the first of a series which the Drama and Arts Guild aims to produce during the coming season. This organization, although only half a year old, has already, under the leadership of Mrs. Lillian Pellee, more than doubled its membership, and it is now said to possess enough playwrights to supply the entire market of America. Original plays are read before the club at each meeting, and it is proposed that at the end of the month the most suitable plays shall be selected for performance the ensuing month.

WILL M. Cressy, well-known vaude-villan, very popular around here, decided to go "over there." Perhaps he has gone, but any way, I read in Bridgeport (Conn.) Life a letter about the matter, written from Hackensack, N. J., but with no date line on it. Here is what Cressy writes about it:

Hackensack, N. J.

OVER TO FLOP

Well, as the Propville Recruit says: "Don't blame me if you lose this war."

Five weeks ago last Monday we started in to qualify for the "American Overseas Theatre League" for service in France. We spent nearly fifty dollars in telegrams. We went to Troy, N. Y., and Bradford, N. H., in search of birth records, etc. We had Mayors, U. S. Senators, Ministers, Bank Presidents, Editors and such people go on record as to our characters. We got vaccinated and we took all the typhoid-para-typhoid-triple-extract inoculations that were known to the army medical fraternity. We were fitted to our uniforms. We bought extra caps, shoes, underwear, etc., etc. We bought trunks and suit-

cases as ordered. We rented our home for the summer. We bade sorrowing friends adieu. We received a million more or less, letters of farewell. We came to New York on the 18th inst, prepared to sail on the 20th.

And on the 19th "Washington" decided that married couples would not be permitted to go.

I declared myself at the beginning of this muss that I was back of the administration; and that I would not be a kicker; and if this ruling seems best to "Washington," then I am for it. But I reserve the right to think what I please about it. And if the fellow that made that ruling knew what I was thinking, he could bring charges.

I will bet though, that the Kaiser is resting easier since he knows that Will Cressy is not going over. Mrs. Cressy says that she shall claim a pension on account of that vaccination and hypo-typhoid battle in which she received such grievous wounds.

THE Kinema always presents good, clean, wholesome pictures, and the patrons of this popular house never need fear they will be disappointed. Good music also is heard in this house.



VESTA WALLACE

NOW APPEARING AT THE ORPHEUM IN THIS CITY

Sea Parting

(Ballad that Francois Villon wrote for his mother when she went to pray in

Notre Dame.)

LADY of Heaven, Queen of Hell,
Empress of Earthly Happiness—
An humble Christian loves Thee well
And calls to Thee in Her distress.
May she be counted, dear Goddess,
Among the saved that love Thee so.
And for Thy mercy she begs too.
Without Thy grace no soul can fly.
I would be good to Heaven to go,
And in Thy faith to live and die.

Lady, wilt Thou to Thy Son tell
That I would all my sins confess;
To be absolved by His dear spell
As that clerk Heavenly Prioress
That Thou didst pardon of largess
(Though this to Satan was a blow).
Save me kind maid from Hell below,
And let not there my body lie.
Let in my veins Thy Son's blood flow
And in Thy faith to live and die.

Poor am I, old; but happy, well.
The convent oft with flowers I dress.
I cannot read. I cannot spell.
I've seen a picture there, where bless
The saved. And for their wickedness,
The damned in boiling oil they throw.
Then I am placed 'twixt joy and woe;
But glad to know that Thou art nigh
For weary sinners to come to,
And in Thy faith to live and die.

P'envoi

Princess, Thy womb did Jesus grow.
Yea, Thine the Divine Embryo.
Since He did all our weakness know;
He came, such was His clemency.
And by his death did youth forego,
That all the world be saved sorrow,
And in Thy faith to live and die.

(Translated by William Van Wyck)

Ballade

Maxwell Anderson

Beyond the bar, after the sun was down,
The fishing fleet, returning into town
Freighted with lucky catching to the marge,
Met with an outward bound, slow-moving barge
Towed gently by a sister of the fleet.
A clouded sunset left the heavens grey;
Grey were the sea, the coast-line bluffs, the bay;
Dim, far, and grey where sky and waters meet
A dusk horizon darkened half-discerned.
The engines ceased; the prows lost way, and turned;
Each head was bared. Within the barge a slight
Bent figure lifted in the lessening light
A funeral urn, and very slowly gave
Grey ashes to a grey, unbroken wave.

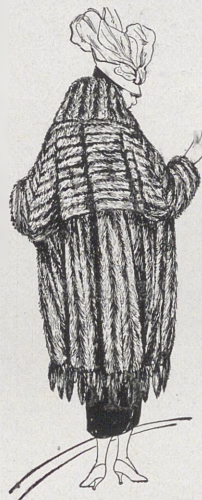
They waited for him until weariness
And supper-signals beckoning from the hill,
Caused them to draw together and confess
That they were hungry and the wind was chill.
They called him; then, as still he did not move,
Chose out one sullen guard against his will,
Turned home, and left the old man with his love.

RisKin

Tailor to
Gentlewomen

Seventh Floor
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MAYO & LYNN, Racy Conversation
Allied Nations War Review
LILI PETSCHNIKOFF, World Famous Violiniste
DREW & WALLACE, "At the Soda Fountain"
CARL JORN, Distinguished Tenor
Henri de Vries presents "CAMOUFLAGE," by Dorothy Drake and
R. W. Steddon.
MORAN & MACK, Two Black Crows
THE QUILLOS, Equilibrists

Orchestra Concerts

Pathe News Views

Leading Resorts and Hotels

THE HOTELS AND HEALTH RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA ought to be very popular this year on account of traffic conditions. You should acquaint yourself with the beautiful spots in this beautiful state. If you intend visiting any of these resorts this summer you should make your reservations in advance. We can make these reservations promptly and efficiently. Service gratis.

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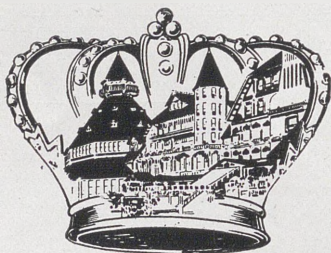
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The Hotel del Coronado was the first resort hotel on the Coast to equip and maintain a graded school for the children of guests.

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JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager
CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

CORONADO NOTES

By JUANA NEAL LEVY

WITH the most ideal weather inviting, golf, tennis and the water sports have been most enjoyable at Hotel del Coronado this summer, hardly a day passing without some out of door tournament or motor launch party being given. The motor launch "Glorietta" has been in much demand for moonlight parties, supper being often served on board and the guests returning to the hotel in time for an hour's dancing, or supper in the grill.

Among the recent affairs which were most enjoyable was that given by Miss Katherine Colwell, Miss Mirium Curtice and Miss Betty Niles, the party leaving the Coronado Boat House at eight o'clock and after several hours cruising enjoyed supper in the Grill. Those included were Mrs. J. M. Curtice and Mrs. A. M. Niles, who chaperoned the party, Major and Mrs. H. M. Hickam, Major and Mrs. B. G. Hoge, Captain and Mrs. Robert Gilpin Ervin, Mr. and Mrs. John Brittain, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. McDonogh, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. R. J. Satterlee, Miss Edith Carpenter, Miss Christine McCordic, Miss Mildred Carpenter, Miss Cecelia Kays, Miss Florence Kays, Miss Katherine Owers, Lieutenant and Mrs. McCormick, Miss Noe, Miss Isabelle Gilmore, Major H. B. Claggett, Major Dimmons, Major Raycroft Walsh, Captain C. C. Dunnington, Lieutenant H. M. Littlefield, Lieutenant L. S. McLeod, Lieutenant Thomas F. Joyce, Lieutenant Edward W. Andrews, Lieutenant William Noble, Lieutenant Rheinstein, Lieutenant Glyce, Lieutenant Neilly, Lieutenant McCullough, Mr. Earl Dougherty, Mr. Arthur Cahill, Mr. H. G. Palmer, and Mr. John J. Hernan.

Major and Mrs. Theodore C. Macauley entertained with a dinner party at Hotel del Coronado Saturday evening, honoring their brother, G. B. Street of Wilmington, Delaware, who returned east Monday morning. Those included were Mrs. Benjamin D. Foulis, Mrs. John Lloyd Butler, Miss Josephine Ross, Captain and Mrs. Clarence G. Spencer, Lieutenant and Mrs. Speed Post, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Birney, G. B. Street and C. M. Leonard.

Among the Angelenos who are enjoying Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. J. C. Kays, Misses Cecelia and Florence Kays, Mrs. James R. Martin, Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Martin, Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, Vernon Jr., and Barbara Goodwin, Mrs. Fannie L. Spence, Mrs. Ella Brooks Solome, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Ella Brooks Barlow, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Mrs. Alexander Campbell, Mrs. John F. Francis, Miss Gladys Carson, Mrs. M. D. Watson, Miss Madeleine Etchemandy, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stanton, Mrs. Alice Coldwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. J. Van Norman, Mrs. Charles B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz, Miss Lucy M. Doyle, Miss Louise Powers,

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Fallis, Mrs. L. S. Montgomery, Miss Margaret Kellogg, Miss Marion Kellogg, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome William Toomey, Miss Lulu M. Clark, Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding, Miss Gertrude Gooding and Mrs. Alice Wilkinson.

AT THE U. S. GRANT

BETWEEN summer weather and politics, San Diego is playing host to many motorists, the paved boulevard between Los Angeles and the southern city being lined with automobiles. The political mix-up in the State also adds interest to San Diego's happenings, Governor Stephens, J. O. Hayes, of San Jose, Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, and other prominent men seeking the governor's chair at the next election visiting San Diego.

San Diego has been enjoying the liveliest week in its history, the leave of the Camp Kearny men providing the source of many farewell parties. Among these military and naval affairs was the elaborate dinner given in honor of Mrs. Frederick S. Strong, wife of General Frederick S. Strong, commander of the 40th Division, by the ladies of San Diego last Thursday at the U. S. Grant Hotel. Seated at two long tables banked with palms and artistically draped with clusters of Royal Egyptian lotus blossoms, from the gardens of Mrs. Erskine J. Campbell and Mrs. S. A. Bridges, of Point Loma, were more than 65 women of the city to pay tribute to the guest of honor. Mrs. J. E. Campbell acted as toastmistress and introduced Mrs. I. N. Lawson who cleverly expressed the appreciation of the women for having Mrs. and Major-General Strong in San Diego, and she paid a tribute to the fine purpose, strength and justice of the commanding officer and to the tenderness and sweetness of character of his wife.

Mrs. Strong in a very graceful manner responded and expressed her appreciation of the courtesies extended her since she came to San Diego. Among those who were present at the U. S. Grant dinner were Mrs. Frederick S. Strong, Mrs. Willis Uline, Mrs. William S. Fullam, Mrs. Herman Hall, Mrs. Alexander M. Tuthill, Mrs. W. B. Brotherton, Mrs. George P. Pillsbury, Mrs. G. A. Andersen, Mrs. Frederick S. Chamberlain, Mrs. H. L. Miller, Mrs. Shea, Mrs. Homer Oatman, Mrs. Thomas Coe Little, Mrs. James MacMullen, Mrs. G. A. Davidson, Mrs. George Burnham, Mrs. F. R. Burnham, Mrs. Hugo Klauber, Mrs. I. N. Lawson, Mrs. William Maize, Mrs. Leroy A. Wright, Mrs. Edith M. Williams, Mrs. Hans Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Bernard Levi, Mrs. Simon Levi, Mrs. Milton H. McRae, Mrs. E. E. White, Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Mrs. W. H. Sallmon, Mrs. M. A. Luce, Mrs. H. M. Kutchin, Mrs. L. A. Blockman, Mrs. Ed. Fletcher, Mrs. Grant Conard, Mrs. E. J. Campbell, Mrs. A. S. Bridges, Mrs. S. R. Flynn, Mrs. H. P. Newman, Mrs. F. H. Mead, Mrs. E. A. Pardee, Mrs. O. J. Kendall, Mrs. F. I. Kendall, Mrs. Ingle, Mrs.

William Hoyt Colgate, Mrs. J. H. Holmes, Mrs. N. E. Barker, Mrs. G. H. Frost, Mrs. Phillip Morse, Mrs. J. E. Jennison, Mrs. A. E. Morton, Mrs. W. Griffiss, Mrs. F. C. Spalding, Mrs. W. Waterman, Mrs. A. H. Sweet, Mrs. H. T. Woodward, Mrs. Julius Wangenheim, Mrs. Sarah Utt, Mrs. F. M. White, Mrs. F. S. Sherman, Mrs. Henry W. Fotte, Mrs. G. H. Felows, Mrs. Car. W. Fotte, Mrs. G. H. Fellows, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. D. F. Garretson, Miss D. Sheran, Miss Spalding and Miss Alice Klauber.

Another interesting affair given at the U. S. Grant in honor of army folk was the dinner given Captain Arthur B. Hoff, commander of the U. S. S. Oregon in the green parlor of the U. S. Grant Hotel, by Milton A. McRae. Among those present were San Diego's prominent business men and Lieutenant A. R. Johnstone, and Rear Admiral Fullam.

Mr. McRae in introducing Capt. Hoff stated that he took the occasion to introduce to San Diego a man who although a graduate of Annapolis and for many years an officer in the navy, had spent much of his life in the business world of the east, and who only re-entered the navy at the breaking out of hostilities, upon which occasion he was ordered to New York to take the position of cable censor. General John McClelland and G. A. Davidson also spoke briefly.

With the new contingents arriving daily at Camp Kearny and the various San Diego war training camps, the Southern city gives promise of featuring the liveliest and most interesting social winter in its history.

AT DEL MAR

Douglas Fairbanks, Dustin Farnum, Julian Eltinge, Wm. Farnum, Wellington Cross, Fred Stone, Mrs. Brockwell and Miss Gladys Brockwell, Miss Elizabeth Murray, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Miss Margaret Loomis, Miss Alene Hall, Mrs. Caswel and Miss Nancy Caswell were among those registered at the Stratford Inn, Del Mar, over Monday and Tuesday.

Recent arrivals to the summer colony at Stratford Inn, Del Mar, includes Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Willis, New York City; Mrs. James B. Lankershim, Miss Doris Lankershim, Los Angeles; Miss Elizabeth Mace, Denver; Miss Agnes Smythe, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. Karl Triest and family, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Porter, Pasadena; Mrs. M. M. Ritterband, Miss Emily Ritterband, Los Angeles; Mrs. H. Kreutzer and family, Milwaukee; Mrs. Sidney Ballou, Los Angeles; Mrs. W. A. Adams, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newmark, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rabboth, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Newcomb, Los Angeles; Miss Bess Chaffee, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Loew, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. Blatz, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Drake, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Duque, San Felipe; Mrs. A. M. Barry and family, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Foote, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Harry C. Turner and family, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ginn, Redlands; Mr. Brian O. Rourke, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cope, Redlands, Mrs. W. A. Post and family, Los Angeles.

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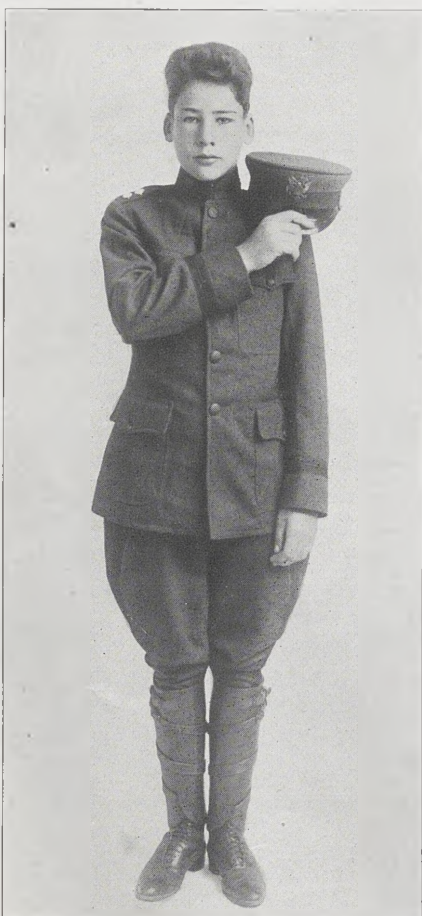
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Continued from page 3)

was Miss Kathleen Spring before her marriage.

STEWART. Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Clinton L. Stewart of Bronson avenue, upon the arrival of a small daughter. Mrs. Stewart was before her marriage, Miss Edna Briggs.

CLUBS

August 12. Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe. Mr. H. L. Carnahan, Commissioner of Corporations, will speak on "Economy of State Expenditures with Efficiency Maintained."

August 19. Women Candidates' Day at Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

August 26. Miss Mary Foy, Vice-Chairman for the State, will speak on "Why a Woman's Liberty Loan Committee" at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

WHY HE'S SAVING

Bacon—Have you noticed how seedy Muggs is looking nowadays?

Egbert—Yes. He's doing his bit.

Bacon—But his wife looks just as stylish as ever.

Egbert—Sure. That's what he's doing his bit for.—Yonkers Statesman.

QUITE REMARKABLE

McJones—This morning I found a five-dollar bill in my last summer's suit.

McSmith—Is that so! I thought you were married.—The People's Home Journal.

A NATURAL INQUIRY

"I should like a porterhouse steak with mushrooms," said the stranger, and "some delicately browned toast with plenty of butter."

"Scuse me, suh," interrupted the waiter. "Is you tryin' to give an order or is you jes' reminiscin' 'bout old times?"—Washington Star.

HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE

"Who's dead?" asked the stranger, viewing the elaborate funeral-procession.

"The bloke what's inside the coffin," answered an irreverent small boy.

"But who is it?" the stranger pursued.

"It's the Mayor," was the reply.

"So the Mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Well, I guess," said the small boy, witheringly. "D'you think he's having a rehearsal?"—Milestones.

A WAR BONNET

"That's Ma's war bonnet."

"There's nothing suggestive of war about it."

"There isn't, eh? You should have seen the war Pa started when he got the bill for it."—Detroit Free Press.

SCAT!

There was a young man from the city Who saw what he thought was a kitty;

He gave it a pat,

And soon after that,

He buried his clothes—what a pity! —Akwgan.

People will continue to exist notwithstanding the announcement that there will be no new wall-paper designs until after the war.—Judge.

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